HOW IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S HEALTH TODAY?

MAY 29, 1937

Liberty

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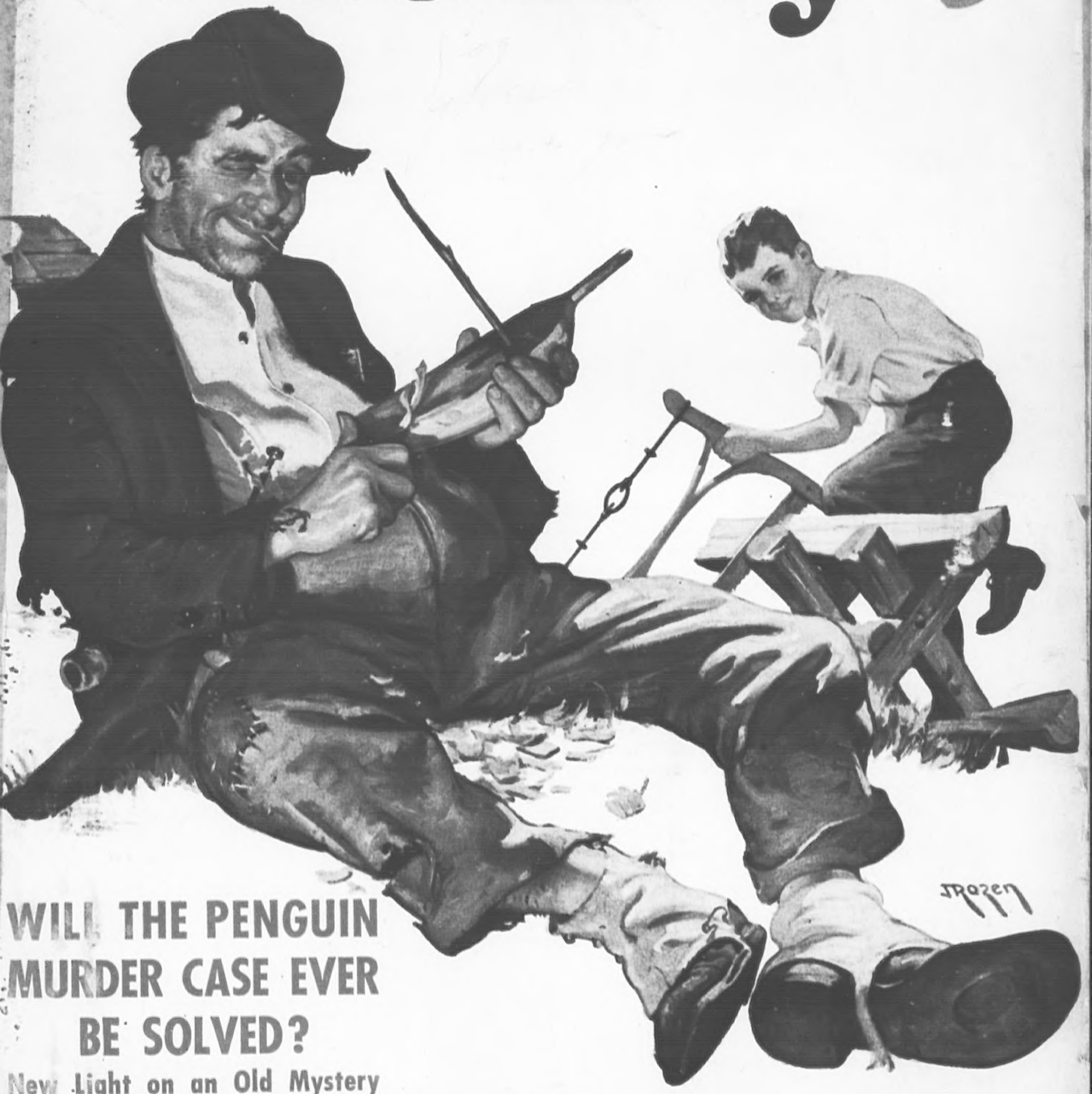

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CONTEST RULES

1. Cut pictures and items on any subject you choose from newspapers or magazines or anywhere and arrange them in scrapbook. Originality and neatness will be deciding factors in contest. Scrapbooks may be any size or number of pages.

2. Sheaffer's Skrip, successor to ink, *must* be used in all written work. Sheaffer's Para-Lastik *must* be used in all pasting. For coloring you *must* use Sheaffer's Skrip in any of its six different colors. *Important! Outside cartons of Sheaffer's Skrip or Sheaffer's Para-Lastik, or reasonably exact facsimiles, must be placed in scrapbooks when submitted. No cartons, no prizes.*

3. Individual contests close May 31, June 14 and June 30, 1937. Contest for Grand Prizes closes June 30, 1937; announcement to be made July 15, 1937. Prizes awarded two weeks after close of individual contests. Any number of scrapbooks may be submitted by an individual. Scrapbooks not receiving a prize in any one individual contest are automatically placed in the next contest and also in contest for Grand Prizes.

4. Winners notified by mail. Decisions of judges are final. In case of tie duplicate awards will be made. Judges: a clergyman, a banker, an artist. Originality of subject, neatness and arrangement count. Richness and distinctiveness of material do not count.

5. No scrapbooks returned. Contest open to everyone except employes or relatives of employes of W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., their representatives and advertising agencies. Contests apply in U.S.A. Only.

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MAY 29, 1937

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 22

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

OUR MIRACULOUS NATIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

AS a nation we have amazed the civilized world. Previous to the World War we were considered money-grabbers. Everything for the dollar. The average European viewed us with scant respect.

The war with Spain added somewhat to our prestige; but our achievements in the World War stopped all criticism.

What is the real secret of our phenomenal commercial achievements? Here we are with nearly one half the wealth of the world. This extraordinary record can well be considered a miraculous achievement; but there are definite reasons for this accomplishment.

To be sure, we had the advantages of new blood . . . the mixture of races . . . of combining the vitality and ambition of immigrants who had the stamina and courage to leave their home country in search of adventure.

All this was unquestionably in our favor. Also our system of government . . . the idea that we are untrammeled . . . that here is a free country . . . that every individual is given an opportunity to work out his own salvation . . . that there are no restrictions . . . that we are not controlled by class . . . that the lowliest citizen might aspire to the highest position.

All this represented extraordinary advantages. But our pioneer ancestors had been persecuted by cruel dictatorial rulers to such an extent that their one thought in forming this government was to protect themselves and their progeny from similar evils. That accounts for the wisdom of our Constitution, and the liberties which it has guaranteed to every citizen.

Now, in the beginning the powers of the federal government were greatly limited. Every state to a certain extent was a laboratory for trying out new laws. The influence of these enactments was therefore tested and compared by the other states.

We began with thirteen states, and now there are forty-eight of these laboratories; and all through the years the experiments in state governments were valuable in shaping state legislation.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

But now that we have the Washington government gradually usurping the lawmaking powers of the states, indulging in experimental legislation of various kinds, the benefits that accrued from comparison may ultimately be lost altogether.

If the NRA and the AAA could have been tested in two or three states before they became federal enactments, the faults of this legislation would have been detected.

We had a test of the prohibition law in various states previous to the federal amendment, but the lesson of the impossibility of enforcement was entirely ignored. Had this serious difficulty been given proper consideration, the life of the prohibition law would have been greatly limited.

Annulment of a state law which has proved to be disastrous is somewhat difficult, but a federal enactment stands there defiantly and requires almost a revolutionary situation in the country before it can be canceled.

Our marvelous achievement as a nation has been due to the freedom that has been extended to our citizens, and this invaluable privilege has been maintained to a large extent because of the experimental possibilities in the lawmaking efforts in our various states.

Let us hope that this situation will never be changed.

It is this system which has made us a great people, and without it, the extraordinary genius that developed our great business enterprises . . . that revolutionized modern life . . . may be lost.

Ford's automobile factory was not an accident. It is the product of the genius of one man. The same credit can be given to Edison, Carnegie, Schwab, Sloan, Chrysler, and dozens of other executives.

The real purpose of law is to insure justice, but an intricate complication of restrictions is sometimes so confusing that justice often appears to be deaf, dumb, and blind.

One legislator stated on one occasion that if our great law libraries were thrown in a huge pile and burned to ashes, and if we retained the Ten Commandments and the fundamental principles of law compounded by Blackstone, our judges would not have to peer through a mass of legal complications in making their decisions.

Bernarr Macfadden

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HOW IS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S

BY FREDERICK A. STORM

White House correspondent for the United Press, 1933-37

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TWO famous constitutions repose in Washington. One is that venerable parchment under glass in the Library of Congress. The other is physical—it is under the vest of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And, my friends, the Roosevelt constitution has plenty of iron in its make-up. Four years in a job that shattered the health of more than one predecessor has convinced his associates of that.

During a sultry week of August, 1921, doctors shook their heads as Franklin Roosevelt, then thirty-nine years old, fought the ravages of infantile paralysis at his summer home in Campobello, New Brunswick. Today they marvel at the stamina, endurance, and energy of the man who once said, "I'll beat this thing."

For Mr. Roosevelt has entered his fifth year of the Presidency in the pink of physical condition. Dr. Ross T. McIntire, captain in the Navy Medical Corps, says so, and he ought to know.

"The President is in better shape now than when he entered the White House March 4, 1933," Dr. McIntire told me a few days ago. "His muscle tone is excellent." Then he chuckled and observed: "So is his appetite."

Mr. Roosevelt's hair is thinning out on top. He is graying about the temples. Time and the cares of high office have etched new lines in his face. But he has the ability to relax, and therein lies the secret of his ability to "take it" and come up smiling for more.

Today the President weighs in at 181 pounds, six pounds less than when he arrived in the capital March 2, 1933. Dr. McIntire watches the scales with an eagle eye. He supervises the President's health program and he is insistent that a set schedule be followed. Once in a while Mr. Roosevelt balks; the pressure of government business is too much. But not very often.

The doctor, one of the ranking surgeons of the navy, is on hand promptly at five fifteen every day, usually outside the door leading to the executive offices. About five thirty he sticks his bald head into the offices.

"Ready, Mr. President?" is his query.

The President nods, and together they go to the indoor pool in the west wing that leads from the mansion proper to the offices. Both climb into their swim suits and plunge into the water, heated to about ninety degrees, the same temperature as that of the big patients' pool at the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia. With powerful strokes the President swims the full length of the pool. He has the arms and torso of a wrestler.

Once out of the pool, he reclines in a wicker chair and allows the rays of a sun lamp to beat down upon him before he is taken in charge for a vigorous rubdown.

That over, he dresses and goes to his spacious study on the second floor of the White House, where he resumes work until the call for dinner at 7.45 P. M.

Dinner is his big meal of the day and he makes the most of it, invariably requesting a second helping. When dinner, usually served in the small mahogany-and-white family dining room, is over, he returns to the living quarters on the second floor.

If his desk has been previously cleared and if there are no legislative or administration conferences, he will watch a movie flashed on a screen in the wide reception hall. In most cases, however, work requires his attention until 11 P. M. and on occasion well after midnight.

In these days of sit-down strikes, a glance at his workday schedule is both pertinent and interesting:

10.30 A. M.—Goes to executive offices for day.

10.30 to 1 P. M.—Receives callers, holds conferences, etc.

1 P. M. to 1.30—Lunches at desk from tray.

1.30 to 5.30—Government business.

9 P. M.—Resumes work in study.

Mr. Roosevelt's great capacity for endurance, however, is best illustrated when he is on the road as President or candidate or while he is vacationing at sea.

This writer recalls a conversation in 1932, during the heat of the Presidential campaign, that bears out his judgment so far as endurance is concerned.

The Roosevelt train was rolling into the station at Albany after a 9,000-mile triumphal tour into two dozen states from coast to coast. Newspapermen and members of the Roosevelt party were haggard and worn. Even Marvin McIntyre, now a White House secretary, whose capacity for endurance is second only to that of Mr. Roosevelt himself, was on the verge of exhaustion.

The candidate, however, looked as if he had taken a five-mile automobile ride instead of a twenty-one-day jaunt on a grime-incrusted train in the days before railroad air conditioning.

"Mac," Mr. Roosevelt remarked, "don't you wish this trip were just beginning instead of coming to a close?"

Mac looked startled, then sadly shook his head and replied, "Boss, I give up. You're too much even for me."

This writer, who has traveled more than 130,000 miles with the President, recalls another exhibition of stamina and strength under far different circumstances.

It was off Cocos Island, a tiny palm-studded mountainous spot in the South Pacific. Mr. Roosevelt went there in October, 1935, for deep-sea fishing. In particular, he wanted a sailfish or a marlin—a big one. For almost a week he whipped the rough blue waters about the island without success. Daily in a motor launch he rolled to the long seas that swept in toward the island.

Finally he was rewarded. A big fellow struck the Roosevelt lure and leaped into the air, and the battle was on. For more than an hour and a half beneath a broiling tropical sun the President fought the fish. He had to have arms of iron and the endurance of a six-day bicycle racer. He had both, for eventually, unaided, he brought the exhausted fish alongside the pitching launch, where it was gaffed and hauled aboard.

It weighed 134 pounds and was one of the largest sailfish ever taken in the vicinity of Cocos. When it was secured aboard, the President instructed the coxswain of the launch to proceed to the eastern tip of the island—he wanted to do some more fishing.

His ability to "take it" also has been shown on his cruises under sail to Maine and Nova Scotian waters. Last summer Mr. Roosevelt was the skipper, and his sons James, Franklin, Jr., and John the crew of the little 54-foot schooner Sewanna. In oilskins and sou'wester, he took his turn at the wheel in the heaving waters of the Bay of Fundy and in the arctic currents that fringe the Nova Scotian coast on the Atlantic side.

One late afternoon the President set out in the face of storm warnings that were flying from the government tower in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Under shortened sail the little schooner beat her way northward into the Bay of Fundy. A half mile astern was the escort—a destroyer, the Presidential yacht Potomac, and a lumbering schooner carrying eight newspaper correspondents from Washington, who were thoroughly miserable and aching for dry land.

☆ **A surprising, revealing look at the triumphant 1937 phase of an amazing physical comeback**

Health TODAY?

"Where are we going now?" a correspondent asked.

"Gawd knows," some one replied.

Five hours later the interrogator had his reply. The Roosevelt schooner was beating in through a narrow channel to an island refuge for the night. A half gale was howling. The seas were running high and cold. On both sides of the channel surf was smacking against jutting rocks that were perilously close.

The schooner, half obscured by the rising seas and heeling far over, was held on her course by Skipper Roosevelt. Ten minutes later anxious watchers on the bridge of the destroyer and aboard the Potomac heaved a sigh of relief. The schooner had come to anchor in the smooth sheltered waters of a cove.

That night some natives boarded the newspaper boat.

"What's the idea," they inquired, "of the President coming in through the south channel? Didn't he know he missed a hidden reef by a foot and that a five-knot current was running? And didn't he know that there is a broad channel on the lee side of the island?"

"Don't ask us," the correspondents chorused. "We came in the same way and we're still jittery."

Mr. Roosevelt comes back from the sea and ships toughened, sunburned, and with muscles as hard as steel. He returns fully rested and ready for the unceasing grind of government. "I like the sea," he confesses. "No one can get me on the telephone there."

It is Dr. McIntire who tactfully suggests an occasional cruise. He knows when his patient needs the outdoors and plenty of sunshine. And the patient invariably acquiesces to his doctor's wishes in the matter.

Sometime this year the President will set sail again. Then later, perhaps in the summer, Congress willing, he will work and play at Hyde Park, New York, his birthplace among the hills of Dutchess County.

It is at Hyde Park that Mr. Roosevelt maintains a "shirt-sleeve" administration. He works in the mornings, coatless and occasionally tieless, in his little cubbyhole office in the north wing of the big rambling stone house. When he feels the need of fresh air and sunshine, he climbs behind the wheel of his open car and drives across his broad acres to the Cottage, a rural retreat deep in the hills about three miles from the Summer White House proper. There he has an open-air swimming pool.

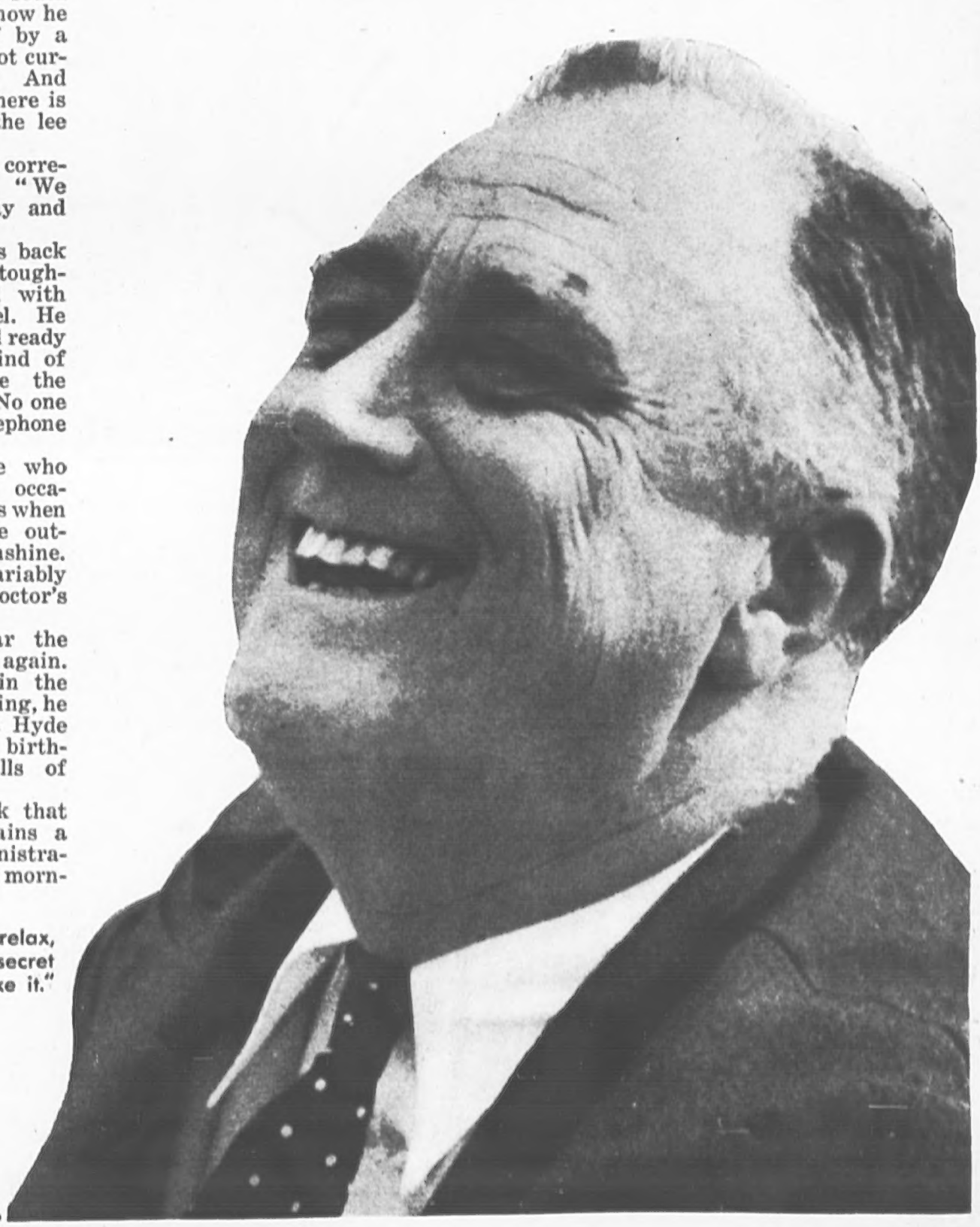
Afternoons in the summer are frequently given over to work on the lawn of the Cottage, the President returning to the big house early in the evening. Behind him, as usual, follows the Secret Service detail.

A big strapping Secret Service man was asked:

"Does he keep you busy?"

"Mister," he replied, "he's a Roosevelt—what do you think?"

THE END



He has the ability to relax, and therein lies the secret of his ability to "take it."

Pictures, Inc., photo

IS THERE A *Future* FOR EDWARD AND WALLIE?

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Will the Duke and Duchess of Windsor yet enter upon a new career through the door of 10 Downing Street?

WHAT is to become of Edward? What does the future hold for the Duke of Windsor and Wallie Simpson?

This is a question which is being asked all over the world—and nowhere more often than in Canada.

Edward belongs to the Empire. By experience, by eager interest, by long-sustained personal popularity, he is fitted to be of special service to the British Dominions beyond the Seas, especially to the Dominion of Canada, where, for months at a time, he made his home.

Is it possible that at some future date he may come back to public life as Governor General at Ottawa?

But there may be Empire posts which more pressingly demand his talents—posts which perhaps he alone can fill as they need to be filled at this time. For it must not be forgotten in the wholly justifiable enthusiasm which marks King George's coronation that his brother and predecessor *has* talents of peculiar value in a representative or ambassadorial capacity.

Take the present political situation in India. Mahatma Gandhi's followers, most powerful of the native groups, are up in peaceful-resistance arms against the new constitution which His Majesty's government has presented to its Indian possessions. To memorialize their opposition, they even declared a boycott not only on the Durbar but on all other festivities connected with the coronation. To make bad matters worse, the Gandhi-ites, at the first elections under the constitution which they oppose, swept everything before them.

There is nothing in all this which reflects on King George. The Indian leaders do not yet know him. When they do, they will love him. But they know his brother, and—like all who know him—idolize him. Which means that the biggest asset the British Empire possesses in this crisis is the fact that "Welcome" is on the Indian mat and the latchkey always under it for the most popular white man who ever stepped on Indian soil.

There is also a situation nearer home which requires just that combination of tact and prestige which Edward possesses.

Hitler wants his colonies back. He has told his ex-champagne-salesman Ambassador to London, Joachim von Ribbentrop, to get them for him. Von Ribbentrop's methods are not timed to the traditions of old-school diplomacy. A man who will signalize his appearance at a monarch's first diplomatic reception by standing stiffly before the King, clicking his heels together, giving the Nazi salute and shouting "*Heil* Hitler!" is not to be dealt with by high-hatted Whitehall bureaucrats.

Edward of Windsor is the most popular Britisher of his generation with all classes of Germans. The Nazi government recognizes that fact. Yet he is not cursed with any of the anti-Semitic prejudices characteristic of the Nazi regime. If he had been, he wouldn't have sought sanctuary in the home of his good friend, Baron Rothschild. In short, Edward is perhaps the only man in the British Empire who is acceptable both to the Aryan and non-Aryan German public.

It is quite possible that Hitler could be pacified with trade pacts and other concessions more valuable to him than the colonies he demands—if it weren't for the fact that his prestige might suffer from appearing to truckle to British officialdom. It is equally possible that the British government would be glad to give back some of

the German territory in return for agreements which would halt the present march toward war—if it weren't for the fact that it might be accused of anti-Semitic Nazi sympathies.

A treaty negotiated by the one man who has the confidence of both the British and the German peoples would save the face of both parties. It might save the peace of Europe.

The Anglo-American situation also looms high on the Empire horizon. England does not wish to chance a losing military adventure. To be sure of success, she must be adequately heeled; and the only sure way to be adequately heeled is to seek credit once more in the American money market.

The problem is not an easy one. For nearly two decades politicians have built up the feeling in the United States that the British are welshers, and in Britain that the Americans are Shylocks. It is possible that President Roosevelt's great personal popularity might overcome the former feeling to some extent. It is certain, however, that no one in Great Britain except Edward could suggest even a partial giving-in to America's so-called "exactions" and hope to retain the affection of the British people or the continued adherence of the Dominions to the Crown.

For example, suppose the Duke and the President got together on a formula which recognized at the start that America would never forgive all the debts and that England would never pay all of them. Then suppose they divided the English debt to America in two parts: the money borrowed by England for its own use, and the money borrowed by England and forthwith loaned by her to other nations. Then suppose they agreed that it would be better for England—which has plenty of cash on hand at the moment—to pay back immediately the money she borrowed for herself than to continue in bad standing in the American loan market, and that it would be better for America—which has plenty of use for cash right now—to get a substantial payment right away than it would be to continue a situation in which it would ultimately get nothing at all.

That is the kind of common-sense solution which two intelligent world-eyed people like Franklin Roosevelt and Edward of Windsor would work out on *all* the questions which might arise between their two countries. It is also the kind of solution which they, with their combined prestiges, could undoubtedly persuade their respective constituencies to accept. Thus, not only his own country but the whole world would benefit by Edward's participation in British public affairs.

ALL of which raises the question: Why should that participation be limited to activities outside of England? Why shouldn't Edward return some day to his native land and play an important part, perhaps *the* important part, in its political life?

Mr. Baldwin is about to retire to private life. Semi-official announcements have placed the date in the months following the coronation.

The British press is now almost unanimous in asserting that there is no one in parliamentary circles to take his place. Against his judgment and at risk to his health, he has allowed himself to be overpersuaded to remain at No. 10 Downing Street until some one could be found to succeed him.

Well, perhaps some one has been found—and Mr. Baldwin, in a queer left-handed way, has contributed mightily to the finding.

It goes without saying that Edward would have the support, in any effort to lend his prestige and popularity to the side of parliamentary government, of many of those elements which opposed him when they thought he was threatening Parliament's supremacy. As King they feared him. As leader they would welcome him.

It is equally certain that he would enter the political lists not only with the support of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press—which means the equivalent of a publication in every English home—but of practically every newspaper in the country except a few old die-hards.

But he would not need any of these normally influential factors to assure his success. All he would need is what he already has: the backing of the great laboring classes, whose cause he has always championed; of the World War veterans, with whom he served on the western front; and of the younger generation, whose idol he is. That these three represent an overwhelming majority in the electorate of any Occidental nation at this time, no one will deny.

But reasons of policy, perhaps of taste, may lead Edward to bide his time.

HE is genuinely interested, there can be no doubt, in seeing his brother safely established as King Emperor. His own immediate presence in London might interfere with that accomplishment. He may feel, too, that the bitterness engendered by his recent conflict with vested religious, political, and financial interests should be given a chance to subside. He left England rather than plunge his country into a political civil war in which he might well have emerged the victor; he will not willingly precipitate another such eventuality by a too quick return. Or he may just plain feel he is entitled to a rest.

If he does feel any of these ways, and Mr. Baldwin does go through with his promised retirement, Neville Chamberlain or Sir John Simon may carry on for a time. There is nobody else. Lloyd George is too old, too bitter. Ramsay MacDonald is too old, too mellow. Winston Churchill has changed horses so often that in 1937 he is as horseless a the age in which he lives.

That Mr. Baldwin and the powerful interests behind him might try to carry on through some shadowy unknown—Sir Thomas Inskip, for example—is, of course, a possibility. So is a situation, not so unprecedented in English history, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury would assume more publicly the position of political dominance which he has long held.

But these are old men. They could not last for long against the spirit of modernism which Edward of Windsor, rightly or wrongly, has come to personify. There has been a tendency to concentrate on the social graces of this man who has for twenty-five years represented the British Empire to the world. We speak of his dancing, his night-clubbing, his way with a girl. We speak, above all, of his steadfast love for the American-born girl of his choice. We ponder over the apparent sacrifice of his crown in order to have the fulfillment of romance.

How many of us remember how, in the dark days that followed the war, Edward began that series of world journeys which won him the title of the world's greatest salesman and won for the Crown and government of England the renewed affection and loyalty of its far-flung peoples?

How many of us realize that for nearly a quarter century Edward has never missed, when in London, an important parliamentary debate? That one of his great regrets, on ascending the throne, was that custom forbade the continuance of this practice?

☆ Here's a new, arresting vista of possibilities—Will the Duke come back as Prime Minister?

How many of us have stopped to think that almost from childhood he has been the intimate friend of the leading political minds in his own country and the world? As King, three of his most intimate companions were the most brilliant men in the House of Commons—Winston Churchill, Alfred Duff Cooper, and Samuel Hoare.

Edward has taken much from these men. But he has given much, too. He has traveled farther than any of them. He has seen more with his own eyes and heard more with his own ears. He has more firsthand knowledge of the world in general, of how people live and how they feel about it, than any other man of our time.

It is this world significance of the man which makes him unique—which makes him indispensable!

THE END

Your Money or Your Love!

BY PIERRE GENDRON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IN the main salon of the Casa Monte Club, Hollywood's current gambling spot, half a dozen tiny white balls whirled and clicked busily out there under world-known faces. Christopher Stowell knew most of those faces, some too well.

But one slender young woman seemed off-key there. She wore dark tinted glasses, and kept moving from table to table, more intent upon the players than the game.

At the bar Chris had a Scotch-and-soda, watching her. Turning, she faced him momentarily. She started, moved toward the corridor in the direction of the private rooms.

He overtook her. "Why the disguise?" he asked.

She stopped and faced him indignantly. "Aren't you —mistaken?"

"I might be," he said quietly. "It's been—all of two years—Penny."

"Two and a half, Chris," she sai ..

She took her glasses off. Her dark eyes studied him curiously. She had altered little, he thought.

"I was fairly sure it was you," he said. "Were you dodging me?"

She frowned. "No. I was so startled at seeing you here, I—just bolted. I'm here as Penelope Blodgett. My mother's maiden name, you know. I wanted to avoid the newspaper notoriety."

"Still the very conscious heiress, eh, Penny?"

"Still the handsome humorist, eh, Chris?"

Then he laughed. "What are you doing here?"

"We're on our way back from the Orient—Beatman and I."

"Oh," flatly. "Beatman's still around, is he?"

"Naturally. I can't go traipsing all over the face of the globe alone, can I?"

"No, I suppose not." He smiled dryly. "Peoria would scarcely approve of its prize package running the risk of being captured by a foreigner. Peoria, as I recall, doesn't like any dissipation of its local wealth."

"Peoria," she said quietly, "has never blamed you for your father's misfortune."

"Generous of Peoria," Chris conceded; "more generous than I found it to be when I tried to earn a living there."

"Weren't you—a bit—impractical in your ventures? After all, Peoria isn't large enough nor wealthy enough to support a country club with its own stables and airport."

"I seem to be grossly unfair to Peoria," said Chris. "Possibly I'm unfair to its pet heiress, too, and the zealous guardianship—"

Her eyes flashed. "You're not going to start that again. Like everybody else, you always called him no good simply because he devoted himself to me instead of plodding along in some stupid business he wasn't in the least suited to. Beatman has some splendid traits, really. Besides, he is my brother."

"Your half brother," Chris corrected her patiently.

☆ The swift, exciting story of a wild adventure in the sky and the way of a rich girl's heart

"What's the difference?" she said. "We had the same mother. And if Beatman's father had made a fortune instead of mine, and had cut me off with little or nothing, as my father did Beatman, I'm sure Beatman would have seen to it that I never wanted for anything."

"Fortunately the conditions were not reversed," he said cryptically—"or unfortunately. Maybe it would have made you more of a human being."

"You don't think I'm human?"

He caught the challenge in her voice. "Did you ever abandon yourself completely in a man's arms—any man's —and give yourself up without restraint to the sensations he might arouse in you?"

She gasped. "Christopher Stowell!"

"Of course you didn't, Penelope," he said patronizingly. "You were always held in check by that dominating suspicion of yours: 'Is it really me he's attracted to, or is it my money?' . . . I'm not blaming you, but I do feel sorry for you."

She stiffened. "In the arms of the one man I loved I never thought of such unimportant things."

"Then why didn't you marry him?" he said.

"He didn't ask me to," she answered. "He was afraid that was what people might think of him—that he married me for my money. You see," she went on, chin up, "he was very proud and very young, and the fact that his father had lost his fortune made the boy—money-conscious."

Chris looked at her steadily. "Perhaps he wanted to make good before he asked you."

She gave him his look back. "Hasn't he made good?"

He weighed that question before answering. In her eyes he might be considered a success. Jim Craig, his old college chum, had been directing a picture when Chris had arrived on the West Coast to sell his last two polo ponies. There had been some flying stuff in Craig's picture and Chris had enjoyed helping him with it technically. Then had come the discovery that he had a natural flair for pictures; then the contract: supervisor, associate producer, producer . . .

"Miss Blodgett!" The voice startled them both.

Chris glanced into Beatman's pallid, calculating face. The older man had aged considerably, and the twitching affliction about his right eye had abated none.

"Oh," Beatman said casually, "it's you, Stowell."

"Yes."

The eye twitched noticeably. "Mind if I have a word alone with Sis? It's important."

Beatman had always looked at him like that when he found him alone with Penelope. On impulse Chris turned to her:

"How about having supper with me, Penny?"

"That's impossible," Beatman said before she could answer. "We're leaving Los Angeles tonight."

Chris saw her start in surprise.

"In fact," Beatman went on, "we're leaving immediately." He faced Penelope. "It's a plan to kidnap you. Something—local. I got wind of it at the gambling table. It's leaked out who you are, of course. I've chartered a plane."

She was white.

Chris smiled. He saw the kidnaping story as an invention of Beatman's to get her away quickly before she became involved again in "an old and dangerous love affair."

"What plane have you chartered?" he asked Beatman.

"A regular air liner from Associated Airport. It's waiting for us now."

Chris said quietly, "I'd like to have seen to it you were

more comfortable. However—" He shrugged. "You'll at least allow me to drive you to the field."

Penelope looked up at him gratefully. "It's kind of you, but it would only involve you. And it's an unpleasant business."

"There's really no danger," Chris reassured her, "especially since Beatman has acted so promptly. I'll call my car." He left before further argument.

In the telephone booth in the motor entrance he called Associated Airport. "It's Stowell," he said. "Find Lanky Pendleton and connect me. I'll hold on."

It was hot in the booth and while he waited Chris elbowed the collapsible door open slightly. The overhead light went off. Just then Beatman slipped out of the main salon, glanced around the empty foyer, and cautiously knocked on the little door opposite marked: PRIVATE. Chris saw the door open partway and a heavy-set swarthy man look at Beatman without expression, admit him, and close the door behind him.

What did Beatman want with Joe Polka? Or, more to the point, what did Joe Polka want with Beatman? Joe wasn't supposed to be running the Casa Monte Club, but whenever there was any trouble or anybody lost more than they were good for, Joe Polka had something to say about it . . . Chris wondered if it was merely more of Beatman's bad gambling luck, or—

A burring voice on the wire made him close the booth door firmly.

. . . . .

Chris drove the car onto the line where the twin-motored air liner was waiting in a flood of light. As he slowed, figures began emerging from the darkness on all

He almost lifted the silent Penelope in.

sides. Penelope stifled a scream. Chris threw the clutch in and raced down the runway. At the end he pulled up abruptly beside an unlighted cabin plane.

"Come along," he said.

He almost lifted the silent Penelope out of the car and into the cabin of the dark ship.

"All set, Lanky?" he asked through the darkness.

"All set, sir," came the voice at his elbow.

Beatman stumbled up to Chris. "What is this?"

"I don't know," said Chris, gauging the onrush of indistinct figures. "Looks to me like a pretty big gang for a kidnaping."

"What do you think you're doing? You can't—"

"Get aboard," said Chris, shoving him and climbing into the dark interior after him. He slammed the door and threw the safety locking device into place.

The first of the mob reached the ship and pounded on the door and shouted. But Lanky started the motor.

Chris said to Penelope, in the darkness of the cabin: "I'll be aft as soon as we get away. You're all right. This is my ship." Then he hurried forward.

As he slid into his seat beside Lanky at the controls, there were flashes and puffs of smoke all around the plane. And cameras— The press gang! Chris looked out at them and grinned. But he knew that crowd wouldn't give up without a fight.

He shoved the throttle forward and swished the ship's tail around. Hats, papers, cameras disappeared in the streaking dust. He opened the throttle wide.

The ship nosed forward, bumped once or twice, and then they were lifted in the calm night air.

Chris circled the field, climbing.

Beyond the mountains the ceiling lifted, but it was heavy above the loose patches of low cloud. Distant flashes were in the blackness ahead, and rain. He turned the controls over to Lanky and went aft to the passenger cabin.

He sensed an interrupted argument. Both Penelope and Beatman glanced up at him quickly and went silent. She seemed white and drawn in the confined light.

"There's Scotch and soda here, Beatman," he said, pretending to suspect nothing wrong, "and—almost everything. Penny, what would you like?"

"I'd like to know, for one thing, why those newspapermen were there."

"So would I," he said, sitting and swinging his chair on its swivel so he faced the two of them.

"It's an important part of your business, I believe—publicity?"

"Very."

Her glance went to Beatman, then came back again unsatisfied. "But not so important you'd buy it at the expense of—former friends?"

"Scarcely."

HE watched her look away thoughtfully. He saw that the twitching affliction had spread over Beatman's entire face.

"See here," Beatman said suddenly, "you may mean well, Stowell, and all that, but we've got a chartered plane back there at Los Angeles waiting to take us to Dallas—"

"Dallas?" said Chris, puzzled. "I'll take you to Dallas, if that's where you want to go. As a matter of fact, we might find better weather down that way."

Beatman's face was quiet. "Would you take us by the regular route? I mean, the same one the chartered plane would fly?"

"Practically," said Chris. "Why?"

"No special reason," said Beatman. "I just wondered. I've heard it's interesting country."

Chris smiled. "You won't see much of it tonight."

The pilots' compartment was dark after the brightness of the cabin. The distance kept brightening here and there quickly and grumbling. Chris glanced at the weather, forward and overhead, and tuned in for radio reports. They were bad, generally.

"Put her on the course for Dallas," he said.

Lanky checked by map, compass, and robot. As the ship's nose swung slightly, he jerked his head to the right. "What do you make of that?"

Chris leaned over behind him and looked out. In a flash of remote lightning he picked out a small dark monoplane, a little above and to the right, at the rear. It was flying with them and without lights. "How long has he been there?"

"Spotted him about ten minutes ago for sure, but I've a damned good idea he's been kissing around all the way out from L. A."

Chris kept watching. "Where are we now?"

"Just over the Arizona line, south of Needles."

Chris watched the dark cabin plane a little longer in the flashes. "Give her to me," he said.

He slid behind his set of controls. He swung the ship's nose around to the right gradually in a long curve. The dark ship drifted over to his side but hung close. A spasm of lightning made its maneuvers vivid. Chris snaked his course. The trailing ship hugged his tail. He cut a very wide circle. The other plane followed.

Lanky was busy with the telephone. He said: "Somebody wants to talk to you, skipper."

Chris grinned and flipped the switch. "Yeah?" he said into the mouthpiece.

"Say, what the hell are you tryin' to do?" the voice in his ear growled.

"Who wants to know?"

"None of your damned business! We're looking after Penelope Highland, see? An' you're headin' for Dallas, via Reserve, New Mexico! Unless you want a closer bead of this!"

CHRIS saw rapid little jets of flame spurt from the dark ship's side and tiny darts of white light arc across his bow. Tracer bullets . . . He asked: "Why via Reserve?"

But the connection was dead.

His eyes, then his mouth, set. "Head for Reserve, New Mexico," he said suddenly, turning the controls over to Lanky.

As the ship found her new course, the dark cabin plane worked her way to her vantage point above and behind on the right.

Beatman was having a drink when Chris went back.

Chris sat down casually. "We've got some rough weather ahead. That is, if you must go to Dallas?" he added.

Penelope's lips parted but it was Beatman who spoke: "We must. Positively."

Chris glanced at him. "But there's no special time you have to be there?"

"What do you mean?"

Chris lit a cigarette. "I mean, you won't mind going a little out of the way to avoid the storm center?"

"Where is the storm center?"

"Directly ahead. Over New Mexico."

"The ship we chartered guaranteed to take us over the regular course," Beatman said.

"What regular course?" said Chris.

"The commercial one, I imagine. Los Angeles to Dallas via Reserve—"

"Reserve?" Chris interrupted. "Where's that?"

"New Mexico, isn't it?" Beatman's eye began giving him trouble again. "I don't know." He shrugged carelessly. "I thought that was what they said."

"What who said?" Chris sensed Penelope stiffen beside him.

"The crowd at the airport," Beatman said.

"What crowd?" persisted Chris.

"Why—the crowd—I chartered the plane from."

"That's funny," said Chris.

"Look here, Stowell," Beatman flared. "I don't like your insinuations. You seem to forget we didn't ask you to bring us on this flight. You—practically abducted us. Under the circumstances, don't you think you'd better take us where we want to go—and by the route we want to fly?"

"I said I'd take you to Dallas, and I will, gladly, but I can't see that it makes any difference to you which route I take," Chris insisted. Penelope sat up impatiently.

"It doesn't," she said.

Beatman turned on her. "It does!" His eye twitched and blinked violently. "I've been trying to shield you," he said resentfully. "Now that you've made an issue

of it, you may as well have it. We're being followed."

"Followed?" she said incredulously.

"Yes," Beatman said, "and I wouldn't be surprised if Stowell knows why. Nor if that's his reason for wanting to take us off the beaten path, so that the armed ship following can ground us in some out-of-the-way place and hold us for ransom!"

Chris smiled. So that was it! Ransom! And Beatman's in on it. Chris got up.

"Don't you see, honey?" Beatman went on anxiously. "That explains all this funny business—Stowell making us use his car instead of a taxi, his ship waiting, hidden and all set for the take-off, the press gang primed and ready to stampede us aboard it! It's pretty obvious now, isn't it?"

At the door to the pilots' compartment, Chris turned. Penelope sat icily erect, immobile.

Chris's smile set. "But nothing like that—being grounded and held for ransom—could happen if we stayed on our so-called regular course, Beatman, via Reserve?"

Beatman shot him a shrewd look. "How do I know what arrangements you might make with that—bandit ship?"

"You seem to know pretty much about the arrangements, Beatman," he said evenly. "That we are being followed and by an armed ship. I'm surprised you don't know that they, too, want us to go by way of Reserve."

Chris saw Penelope start. "Fortunately, this happens to be my ship," he said quietly, "and we're not going by way of Reserve." He went forward.

. . . . .

In the pilots' compartment, he said to Lanky grimly: "What's our nearest good-sized town?"

"Phoenix," Lanky said.

"How far?"

"About a hundred miles ahead, a little off this course to the south."

"Anybody likely to be on that field at this hour?"

"Twelve twenty? Sure, there's a night shift. Why?"

Chris was watching for the dark monoplane aft. "When we get a little closer, I'm going to make a run for it." . . .

Beatman turned on her.
"We're being followed."

In the passenger cabin Beatman jerked around, facing Penelope.

"For God's sake, make him do it!" he begged hoarsely. "Make him go by way of Reserve! They'll shoot us down like rats, if he doesn't! They said so!" He went on his knees to her. "You can make him do it! Honey, *you've got to!*" *He was trembling all over. He fondled* her hands.

She stared at him coldly. "How are you involved in this, Beatman?"

"There's no time for that now, honey! Make him!"

"How deeply are you involved?" she repeated frigidly, withdrawing her hands.

"I couldn't help it," he sniffed. "I couldn't! It's that damned gambling crowd. They're uncanny. They even know how much I owe the Saratoga outfit. They tried to collect the whole thing. Naturally, they couldn't. Then they put this scheme up to me. I had to do it! I had to! But, honey, it won't hurt you. Really, it won't. They'll simply hold us at Reserve—on a ranch near there—and keep us until your check is cashed tomorrow morning. They're to hold me with you. You'll be all right! So tell Stowell!" He was fumbling for her hands.

The cabin lifted and yawed in the growing intensity of the storm. Penelope sat rigid. "Why didn't you come directly to me about your losses?"

He sniveled. "Not after the last two jams you just got me out of—and the market the way it is—I couldn't ask you for another fifty thousand in a lump."

"I thought you said one hundred thousand."

"Honey, they expect something for engineering this thing," he whimpered. "A sort of bonus—"

"Fifty thousand?"

"No, honey," he whined; "only twenty-five. That's not unreasonable, considering all they had to look out for. It was to look like a regular kidnaping to you, but they're not running any risk of getting mixed up with the Department of Justice crowd. They've got it worked out so that—in case of trouble—it's technically only a holdup."

"That accounts for seventy-five. And the balance?"

"Oh, that," he groaned, mopping his brow—"that, I imagine, they'd give back to us. It had to be a round figure, naturally—to look all right."

She rose and made her way forward to the pilots' compartment.

The door opened at her knock.

"Please take us to Reserve, New Mexico," she said.

Chris looked at her and then at Beatman. "Fasten your safety belts," he said.

When he saw that done, he said, "Now, hold on!" Then he slammed the door behind him.

HE took the stick again. "If I head straight for the thick of this, we'll just about hit Phoenix?"

Lanky looked out. "Just about."

"Here goes!" Chris said.

The ship climbed steeply until it seemed to hang motionless. In the lightning flashes Chris saw the small dark ship far below, climbing. He tried to head south but there was barely enough flying speed left. The ship tried to fall off to the right.

Lanky, looking down, said: "She's got two machine guns trying to find us."

Lightning sizzled around them. And tracer bullets. They skidded this way and that, climbing, southward mostly. But always that little dark ship followed, spitting fire at them.

Lanky said: "She's got a better climb than we have, skipper!"

Tracer bullets were reaching them now, with unseen others pricking tiny holes in their wings. Chris swore. They'd find his gas tank in another minute.

A sudden blast enveloped them. The ship hung trembling instantly in the white flash. Every particle of it seemed to shatter, sparkling, in the roar of the explosion.

"The gas tank!" Chris groaned, blinded. They were falling. But the motors were still roaring. The switch! Cut the switch and sideslip before they were all cinders. The stick was lashing his knees. He grabbed it, pushed it well over. The ship banked onto its side, dropping faster. Then his vision cleared—and he saw they were *not on fire.*

A dry taste in his mouth suggested a high-tension wire. He knew then what had happened: They had been struck by lightning.

Lanky shook himself. "I could spit sparks!"

"See where our machine-gun shadow is," Chris said.

"No sign of him," Lanky said eventually.

"Must be Phoenix down there," Chris said. "See if you can get the airport."

"Radio's dead," Lanky grunted. "Everything's burned out, including the lighting system."

"Better go aft with your flash. She can take it, but I don't think he can."

Lanky went aft.

Chris blimped his switches twice directly above the dark field, and circled low. The field floodlights came on. He lunged down onto the runway with a great splash.

As he made his way through the cabin, Chris explained to Penelope: "Had to come down here for repairs."

She looked taut but in command of herself. Beatman was the color of wet chalk. Both his eyes were steady but glazed with fright.

Chris opened the cabin door. The wet, fresh air was reviving. A man with an upturned coat collar and a slouched hat dripping at the brim looked up at him questioningly through the downpour.

"Lightning burned us out," said Chris. "Get out your ground crew. There's plenty in it for them."

PIERRE GENDRON

entered the war as a flyer, but fought all his battles over the Texas training fields. Next tried bookkeeping but soon switched to acting. Writing two successful plays convinced him that was the right profession. He's an Ohioan.

ON the veranda overlooking the field, Chris sipped hot coffee. He had watched a small dark cabin plane drop below the clouds and fly low over the field—low enough to identify the big ship on the line with men working on her, but not low enough to let itself be identified. Chris thought of Joe Polka and grinned. The dark ship had cruised off to the northeast, toward Reserve, New Mexico.

Now only the stolid mumblings of the crew, busy on the ship in drenched floodlight, and the diminishing rumble of thunder and fading flashes of lightning disturbed the vast peace.

A screen door squeaked behind him. Without turning he knew it was she. "Had your coffee?"

"Yes, thanks," she said.

"Lanky says it won't be long before we take off."

"For—where?"

"Reserve. Isn't that where you want to go?"

"Beatman's going to Reserve—to settle—some personal matters. Then he's going on to Houston, and from there—abroad."

"Oh," Chris said, squinting across the soaked field. He watched the rain sparkling through the floodlight. "I'm sorry, Penny," he said sympathetically, "but you had to know sometime." He drained his coffeecup and put it down.

"I've always known, of course," she said. It seemed to him her voice was as beaten as the heavy air before him. "I've tried to—shield him. I thought—I was clever enough."

Chris had her in his arms. "You've grown up, Penny!"

Her eyes were full when she looked at him. She smiled an old wise smile. "And—you?"

"I thought I had—" He kissed her.

A motor roared, and another. The lights in the ship were on.

"Let's go!" he said.

"Where?"

"Home," he said; "to Peoria! Let's do this thing right!"

THE END

SHALL I LET HIM GO?

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN I was a not-so-rising young stenographer in a law office and Phil had his first job after college, whichever got there first, going home at night, would make a dash for the rear seat in the third car of the five fifteen and hold it, no matter how many people said, "Is this seat taken?" or merely glared. Phil lived two stations beyond me. He always brought an evening paper, which we'd spread out to full width and look through; even read some of it, though mainly it was something to create an illusion of privacy.

I remembered the other day how he used to look down the columns of the financial pages and point out items announcing that his or some other firm had secured a contract for a bridge or a power plant or something. It made me feel important to have my fiancé in touch with big things.

Phil was then at the bottom of the pay roll in the home office of a big engineering company. He has a C. E. degree. We probably couldn't have been married as soon as we were if it hadn't been for a small legacy that came to him. That money started us off and made it possible for me to take my place as the lady of Phil's house as soon as I was his bride. Also, we didn't feel compelled to wait longer than we preferred for our first child. He is five now and his sister is three. We live on the scale of the regulation resident of an unfashionable suburb.

Five nights ago, we were in the living room getting our breath after the children had got to bed. Phil kept glancing at me as if trying to make up his mind to say something. Finally he came out with it. His firm has just signed a contract for a big job in Brazil. He pointed out the announcement in the evening paper—one of those items we used to scan in the train. And the firm has offered my husband the chance to work on that job. To go to South America.

Will Phil resent his family obligations?

How would you answer? A wife and mother ponders a poignant dilemma

He'd have to leave me at home with the children, and be gone several months. But the important thing is that the company is offering him a permanent transfer to this other department. He has a week to decide whether he'll accept or whether he'll remain in his old job. The new one carries considerably more salary.

The new job means he may be sent almost anywhere in the world, for whatever length of time the work happens to require. It won't, as a general thing, be practical for his family to go with him; but he will have some time at home after each trip, usually.

As he was telling me all this, he smoked and kept glancing at me and then into the fire.

I know he wants to take the job. He has always been keen about their foreign work. And if Phil were really indifferent about going or not, he would have said so, and he would probably have discussed merely the salary aspect.

That is certainly to be considered. We are not in debt. Neither have we a very big savings account. We've made some small investments which we hope won't be rained away. Not for years, if ever, can we hope to be living on income instead of salary, and we know that salary is not income.

Any woman knows the stab of dread I had when Phil broke this news. I am not talking of cheap distrust when I admit fear at the thought of our being so separated. Faith in my husband I certainly have. Only I have never had to try it out, days, nights, and Sundays, with a big gap of distance between us. Having him where I cannot even visualize his surroundings will be like being blindfolded and having cotton in my ears.

Phil and I love each other. We get each other's point of view. I know that he truly cherishes me; and I've come to recognize and understand the terms in which he expresses it. Sometimes they make me smile, sometimes they drive me distracted; but I take them at his value and try never to be stupid or one-sided about it. A husband has to accept plenty of things in his wife's terms, too, and I'm not sure it isn't more important that she understand him thoroughly and with acceptance than that he understand her fully.

I know you can't make and keep promises about your emotions, but I believe Phil and I are not going to fall out of love. We seem to be completely mates.

Phil took naturally to becoming a family man. The children and he are devoted, and he puts as much thought and effort into their upbringing as I do. If he takes this job, try as he may, he won't be so effective as a parent. That doesn't seem fair to his son and daughter. It deprives them of something they ought to have.

But suppose we turn this offer down on that account, Will Phil begin unconsciously to resent his family obligations as a drag?

He has always been able to count on his wife to back him up in whatever he decided was the thing for him to do. I've always told him what I thought, when we talked things over; but when we didn't agree, I've always backed his judgment without further doubt or question.

I'm going to back him now. But which is the right way to do it? He is my husband, he is the children's father, he is also just himself—a professional man, keen about his work. I don't know which has prior claim.

One thing I'm sure of. We've built our life as a family into something solid and right and happy. I don't like to see it jeopardized. It seems a surer asset to us all than even the extra money would be.

If I'm wrong in regarding this decision that I must make as so difficult and so important, then I'm making a mountain out of a molehill. But I don't believe I am.

I'm trying to think it through; trying hard.

THE END

Will these *Mysterious*

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SINCE that sultry September night five and one half years ago when madness and horror stalked the white yacht Penguin, the most perplexing crime of the past decade has not moved one step nearer solution. Yet, after that same long period of baffled investigation, it remains active, a case that has never been closed.

As recently as November 12, 1936, in the Stamford, Connecticut, offices of her attorney, William A. Kelly, a young brown-haired woman sat beside a window, eagerly studying the photograph of a man.

The man whose photograph she held had been arrested. He was suspected of a brutal murder committed three months before.

Between that murder and the five-year-old Penguin puzzle there were no less than five points of striking similarity. In each case the victim's hands had been bound, his head crushed, his body thrown from a boat, and the boat abandoned. And, each time, the suspect's sensual face possessed—as outstanding characteristic—bushy eyebrows.

Police, hopeful this time that they would crack the Collings murder case, had sent the photograph to the only woman in the world who could answer their questions.

Quietly, that afternoon, the beautiful young widow of Benjamin P. Collings sat in Attorney Kelly's office, her eyes busy with the picture. Her glance rested intently, for a moment, on those heavy eyebrows. In an outside office reporters awaited her verdict. She raised her brown eyes, finally, and gave her answer:

"I never saw this man before."

Kelly went outside to tell reporters that this latest clue had collapsed like the many before it. When he returned, she was still sitting there, tense, motionless.

On the stage of her mind, with terrifying clarity, was being re-enacted the nightmare drama of violence and warped lust that opened in the late hours of September 9, 1931.

. . . . .

September 9, 1931, was a stifling day of blazing sun. On that day the thirty-foot Penguin rounded Lloyd's Neck and dropped anchor in Price's Bend, Long Island. Aboard her were thirty-eight-year-old Benjamin Collings; his attractive young wife, Lillian Chelius Collings, twenty-eight; their five-year-old daughter, Barbara.

Early in the afternoon, at a table set up in the Penguin's cockpit, Lillian Collings, her husband and child

Mrs. Lillian Chelius Collings, slim Smith graduate, whose story of her experiences on the night of the crime were so fantastic and horrible that the police doubted it. Below, the Penguin, on which the Collings child was left alone after the murder of her father and the abduction of her mother.

Benjamin Collings, the quiet, well-educated victim of a brutal and apparently motiveless murder nearly six years ago. Beaten and drowned within hearing of his wife and child, his strange death remains one of the most baffling mysteries in the annals of crime.

Crimes ever be Solved?

NO. 2—THE PENGUIN MURDER CASE

sat down to lunch. Their needs and mode of living were marked by extreme simplicity. The Penguin, during warm months, was their home.

They had barely begun to eat their lunch when an incident, slight enough, occurred. A man in a canoe paddled past them, within thirty feet of the Penguin's port side. Lillian Collings paid him only meager attention. She noticed that he was elderly, dressed in white duck, wearing a cap.

At three o'clock that afternoon Lillian Collings and her daughter rowed ashore to dig for clams. They had not been on the beach long when the young mother glanced up and saw the same canoeist, in white duck and cap, paddling by them.

Lillian Collings returned to the Penguin, resumed the placid routine of her life. Dinner. Barbara put to bed. A chat, on deck, with her husband.

At ten o'clock she arose. Before retiring to her bed in the Penguin's cabin she leaned over in the darkness of that moonless night and kissed her husband good night.

It was their last kiss.

AT two thirty the following morning the yacht Valentine, owned by N. L. Noteman of New Rochelle, plowed through the darkness of Long Island Sound en route to Block Island, carrying a swordfishing party.

Out of the darkness ahead suddenly loomed the spectral hulk of a drifting boat. Noteman's anger at the lightless craft was forgotten immediately when, in the black water a hundred yards away, he heard a crashing noise and what sounded like a moaning cry for help. He saw what appeared to be the flailing arm of a swimmer.

With his butler, Noteman set out at once in the Valentine's tender to rescue the swimmer. Only a mocking silence greeted him when he reached the spot in the water where he had seen and heard the dim struggling shape.

After a ten-minute search of the waters, Noteman and his butler rowed to the Penguin. The yacht was dark, and quiet. Noteman called out, "Captain! Captain!"

A thin, piping voice from deep inside the Penguin's darkened cabin corrected him with childish impatience:

"I'm not the captain. I'm Barbara."

Alarmed now, Noteman boarded the boat. He plunged into the cabin, struck a match. The sole occupant of the Penguin — blonde five-year-old Barbara—sat up, in her nightgown, in bed.

"Where is your daddy?" Noteman asked the child.

"Daddy went in swimming with his clothes on. My mother went in swimming, too."

Noteman, careful not to alarm the child, inspected the Penguin. On deck were pieces of shattered glass. On the cockpit cushions were bloodstains. And his mind was perturbed by the puzzle of the vanishing swimmer.

He fastened a line to the Penguin, towed her to Stamford. Then he put through a call to the police.

. . . . .

The gray of a new dawn was in the sky and its mists upon the waters of Oyster Bay, Nassau County, when Captain Harold Howard prepared to set out in his boat. Through the early-morning silence came a scream. He looked out across the water and saw, a hundred yards offshore, a woman standing in an open motorboat, waving her arms frantically. He shoved off and went to her.

In the motorboat Bo-Peep, Captain Howard found a young woman huddled in blankets. Her slim body, clad in a white house dress, was trembling. She spoke incoherently, something about her husband being dead.

He took her ashore, found her a seat near a boathouse, and went off in search of a telephone. A young police sergeant, Robert Forrest of Cove Neck, came about an hour later in response to the telephone call. As he approached the young woman he noticed that she was stockingless, that on her feet were a pair of white canvas sneakers several sizes too large for her.

Calm, now, she told him some of her story in answer to his questions. Her apparent calmness—undoubtedly a numb by-product of suppressed hysteria—was later to heap criticism upon her.

Nor did it sit well at the time with the hardheaded young sergeant as she gave, in an even voice, the most macabre recital of a night of terrifying tragedy to which he had ever listened.

Sergeant Forrest took her to the second-precinct station, where he notified Inspector Harold R. King.

Throughout the day Mrs. Collings answered questions, told her story to Inspector King of Nassau County and—since jurisdiction likewise was a mystery—to Assistant District Attorney Fred Munder and Deputy Sheriffs Robert Gray and William Gardner of adjoining Suffolk County.

She said that she had retired at ten o'clock; had awakened some time later to hear an argument.

"I turned so that I could look out into the cockpit. A man who seemed to be standing in a boat on the right-hand side of our boat was talking to my husband.

"He said: 'You've got to take us to South Norwalk. We will give a hundred dollars to get to South Norwalk. We have got a wounded man here."

Her husband objected, she said, pointing out that he had his family on board; that he did not wish to pilot the Penguin at night.

Then, Mrs. Collings said, she saw two shadowy forms climb aboard the Penguin. She heard the spokesman tell her husband:

"You've got to take us to South Norwalk, partner. We'll run this boat. You get in the cabin there."

Her husband came into the cabin, spoke worriedly—and prophetically:

"You can't tell what will happen next. Are you dressed?"

He bent over and kissed Barbara. A moment later the spokesman for the two intruders called him outside, ordered him to start the engines and pilot the boat.

The apparently aimless cruising of the Penguin finally took them off Greenwich. While they were cruising, Mrs. Collings turned on the cabin light, observed the time to be twelve thirty. For nearly two hours more they cruised; then stopped.

She heard one of the intruders speak again:

"We are going to bring this wounded man aboard. He's lost a lot of blood. And we'll have to tie your hands."

The closed cabin door swung open then, and she saw the two strangers for the first time. One was a man of at

New light on one of America's most sinister, baffling riddles: Who killed Benjamin Collings?

By FRED ALLHOFF

least fifty. He had close-cropped gray hair, dark prominent eyebrows. He was the spokesman for the pair. The other—he had not uttered a word since boarding the Penguin—she said, was a youth of eighteen, tall, thin, nervous. Both men were poorly clad; neither seemed foreign.

In the face of objections, the younger man tied her husband's hands behind his back.

"If it's the boat you want," said Collings, "take it. Put us in the rowboat and let us go ashore."

Mrs. Collings stepped out into the cockpit and added her pleas to those of her husband. Then she went back into the cabin to soothe her upset child.

"The next thing I heard," she told police, "was a crash of glass and a moan, then my husband saying in a cool voice: 'They are putting me overboard.'"

When she heard that, she said, she grabbed an air-filled mattress from the bed, threw it overboard on the port side where she could hear him struggling in the water. She called to him; received no answer.

"I went out into the cockpit to get a life preserver. Before I could get it, the old man pinned my arms around me. I pleaded with him to do something.

"He asked me: 'Is there any money aboard?'

"I said: 'Yes, about twenty dollars.' He didn't ask me where he could find it."

She said that the old man and the boy had forced her into a canoe which they had tied alongside. Nowhere in that canoe was any "wounded man."

As they paddled away from the Penguin she saw the running lights of a boat. That boat was the Valentine. They paddled on in the darkness. The canoe was loaded down, and she reasoned that they must be water "pirates" who had been raiding boats along the Sound.

Once they passed close, in the darkness, to a tow pulling a string of barges, and she was warned by the old man not to make a sound. She complied.

She had completely lost her bearings, and after they had paddled for two hours she spoke to the old fellow:

"Why have you done this?"

"Everything's all right."

"Do you think everything is all right, with my daughter out there alone?"

"She'll be all right. I got three children of my own. One of them's a little girl with curly hair."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"No harm. We don't war on women and children."

Just before daylight, she said, they pulled up to a boulder-strewn shore. The younger man leaped out into water that reached his armpits, said to the older man:

"Where will I meet you? Home?"

"You know where we arranged," said the old fellow, and paddled off with Mrs. Collings.

He stopped paddling long enough to obtain for her, from the duffel bags, the pair of rubber-soled canvas sneakers for her bare feet, and handed her, against the chill morning breezes, some blankets, one of which was marked: "Charles Hotel."

THEY paddled a short while longer. It was nearly daylight. Through the hot, twisted brain of her strange gray-haired companion surged queer passion.

What happened next cannot be put into print. The attack upon Lillian Collings was an unnatural one.

The first pale streaks of dawn were in the sky when her elderly companion placed her aboard the Bo-Peep, gave her blankets to keep her warm, and paddled away.

She remained there, shivering, frightened, quiet, for about fifteen minutes. It was only when the light had grown strong enough so that she could see a boatman moving on shore that she waved her arms and screamed.

This, then, was the story of Lillian Chelius Collings. To police ears it sounded like the most fantastic story they had ever heard. And the first day of investigation only served to make them more incredulous.

A searching party on Long Island Sound found no trace of the square-sterned canoe in which Mrs. Collings said she had been abducted. Collings was missing. The pair of mysterious intruders were missing. And the "wounded man" was missing. But the weirdest fact of all was this: A motive was completely missing.

The aimless cruising of the Penguin through the dark waters, with the pirates in control, did not make sense. Neither did the prolonged canoe trip during which the young woman had been attacked.

Police looked with frankly expressed suspicion upon Mrs. Collings' own account of her actions that night.

Why had she waited until daybreak to scream for assistance? Why hadn't she called out when, in the canoe, she passed within hailing distance of the Valentine and, later, the tug towing barges?

We have Mrs. Collings' own answer:

"Why didn't I call for help? They warned me not to. I thought they would have slain me too."

But they did not believe her. Not even when she pleaded:

"Does my story sound fantastic to you? Do you think it possible that I, after living through that night of horrors, could invent something more terrible than my own experience?"

The police were not alone in their disbelief. Some of the canniest editors in Manhattan dashed madly out on the end of a limb. In their nostrils was the pleasant scent of a circulation booster. Mrs. Collings found herself subtly crucified by the very story she had told authorities in an attempt to assist them.

And there lies as good an explanation as any of why the Collings case remains an unsolved mystery today.

FOR nearly a week investigators hammered away at Lillian Collings' story, sought contradictions, attempted to turn inside out its improbabilities.

And during that time the two strange pirates put distance between themselves and the law, and witnesses who might have seen them scattered.

For this, too much blame must not be attached to police. Their sincerity of effort is above question. But Inspector King of the Nassau County police could not, at the time, accept Mrs. Collings' story in its entirety.

In the chorus of incredulity, only one voice was raised in Mrs. Collings' behalf. That voice belonged to District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards of Nassau County. After questioning her, he said: "I believe her story, fantastic as it seems."

The Penguin was brought from Stamford to Oyster Bay for inspection by King and his men and Munder of Suffolk County. In the cockpit they found bits of shattered milk bottle. The anchor had been severed from its hawser by a knife cut. The bloodstained cushions were sent to New York for scientific analysis.

They found the air mattress Mrs. Collings said she had tossed her husband. Ironically, it had landed in the tender trailing the Penguin.

Except for the signs of struggle in the Penguin's cockpit, everything was in perfect order.

The police turned to a search of the private lives of Benjamin and Lillian Collings—and found these lives as spotlessly clean as their little yacht Penguin.

Both came from excellent families. Benjamin Collings was the son of a doctor. A student of scientific subjects, his hobby, pursued at a workbench in their Stamford home, was inventions. He had been an honor man at Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, where he specialized in maritime engineering. During the World War he had enlisted as a private in the Ordnance Department; had risen to rank of second lieutenant.

Through his sister Helen, who was one of her classmates at Smith College, he met Lillian Chelius; married her a few days after she had been graduated.

Benjamin Collings had, at the time of his death, no regular employment, no "steady job." And his income was small. That in itself seemed decidedly suspicious to nine persons out of ten.

The answer was simple enough. Mrs. Collings gave it in four words: "We were not moneygrubbers."

The most intensive investigation failed to uncover a single discordant note in a marital life which Mrs. Collings described as "supremely happy." Confirmation can be found in the manner in which her husband's relatives grouped themselves stanchly behind her.

The investigation moved forward slowly. The motorboat Bo-Peep, in which Mrs. *(Continued on page 20)*

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★ ★

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Paul Jones

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

(Continued from page 18) Collings had been discovered alone, was found to belong to a wealthy and reputable Oyster Bay resident who had no connection with the case.

Detective Howard De Mott of Inspector King's staff ascertained that the blanket marked " St. Charles Hotel " had been stolen from the hotel of that name in Springfield, Massachusetts. He went there, learned it was one of two thousand similar blankets purchased two years before. Since that time a score of them had been stolen.

Mrs. Collings, still being questioned daily, said that her husband, at the time of his disappearance, had been wearing a suit of brown coveralls, had on one finger a plain gold ring set with a dark-blue sapphire.

If Mrs. Collings' story were true, her husband's body should eventually float ashore, garbed as she described, hands tied behind back, wounds on the scalp where he had apparently been struck by a milk bottle.

But four days passed and there was no clue to the whereabouts of Benjamin Collings—or his body.

On the fourth day, however, an important confirmation of Mrs. Collings' story came about when Inspector King located the canoe used by the intruders of her tale. It had been found drifting half a mile from the Bo-Peep, a hundred yards offshore. Stolen the afternoon or night before the affair of the Penguin, it was the property of Minor D. Crary, a wealthy estate owner of Duck Island.

On September 14, tired of ceaseless questioning, Mrs. Collings retained members of the firm of Cummings and Lockwood to act as her attorneys. One of the men representing her was William A. Kelly, former town judge of Darien, Connecticut. The other was Homer S. Cummings, present Attorney General of the United States.

Two days later, the body of Benjamin Collings washed ashore on the private beach of the Marshall Field estate at Lloyd's Harbor, Long Island.

In every particular, the corpse was as Mrs. Collings had so often insisted it would be—dressed in brown coveralls, hands and feet trussed in back by a single length of thin strong rope, the skull viciously beaten by a weapon that could readily have been the shattered milk bottle found after the crime.

The rope used to bind Collings' hands and feet was of a type not found aboard the Penguin. Captain John B. Fox, master of William B. Leeds' yacht, pronounced the knots half hitches much used by seafaring men, but tied too clumsily to be termed the work of an adept.

Dr. Otto H. Schultze, famous Medical Examiner of New York City, who had a summer home near by, consented to perform the autopsy.

District Attorney Edwards, of Nassau County, gave no show of reluctance when he turned the case over to District Attorney Alexander G. Blue, in whose county, Suffolk, jurisdiction might lie. Confident, from the start, that Mrs. Collings had told the truth and would tell no other story, he realized that the Collings mystery was heading toward the " unsolved " files.

District Attorney Blue's first move was to call an inquest for the morning of Friday, September 18. His second was to engage as his investigator Detective Felix B. De Martini, former New York City Police Department ace, who had successfully broken a stubborn arson case and murder mystery for Blue months before.

THE inquest, held at Huntington, Long Island, subjected the pretty widow of Benjamin Collings to a new ordeal—a bitter third degree. She came from her Connecticut home voluntarily, since there was no extradition law by which her presence could have been forced.

She walked into the courtroom—a timid, quiet woman who loved privacy—to find herself the target of a nerve-destroying battery of cameras. And for three hours she sat quietly in the witness chair, telling under oath the same motiveless story she had told since, two weeks before, the investigation had opened.

Not until late in the afternoon did she ask to be excused. And she never returned to face that cruel battery of cameras that made her ill.

From her attorney, Homer Cummings, came the sage pronouncements that her story, in its entirety, was a sane story; that her refusals to cry out or resist, the night of her husband's murder, was " God-given wisdom "; that the whole tragedy was " the result of Benjamin Collings' decision to ' temporize ' with the men who killed him."

And those remarks today remain the most intelligent summation made concerning the Collings case.

The inquest developed little more than that Collings had died of drowning.

The investigation continued. The broken-milk-bottle weapon was carefully put together. It was a Sheffield Farms bottle. All of the other bottles aboard the Penguin were Borden Company bottles.

De Martini, handicapped by the fact that he had stepped into the case when it was growing cold, wanted to obtain Mrs. Collings' story for himself. One of the most thorough detectives in America, with an uncanny knack of detecting falsehoods and setting verbal traps, he obtained permission to question her at length.

In two sessions, for eighteen hours, he questioned her. Her story—in greater detail than it had ever been told before—was the *same* story she had told from the outset. She could not be tripped.

District Attorney Blue's own investigator came away convinced that she was telling the absolute truth.

NOW, at last, a vigorous hunt began for the two men Mrs. Collings so often had described. The records of insane asylums were searched for escapes. Men of fifty who had gray hair and three children were checked.

Shortly after he entered the investigation, De Martini had found an abandoned camp at Winkle Point, within a thousand yards of where the Penguin had been anchored the night of the weird murder. In the refuse left behind at that camp were milk bottles of the type of the murder weapon; rope of the kind used to bind Collings; and some notebooks similar to those Mrs. Collings had seen the old man in the canoe take from one of the duffle bags and toss overboard.

Had that camp been found early in the investigation, police might have unearthed witnesses to describe or give a clue to its occupants. The Collings case might have been solved. But when De Martini—who had not been retained at once—came across the camp, it had been abandoned for at least three weeks.

From time to time, suspects were arrested, questioned, released. In the summer of 1933 an elderly man and a youth were arrested as they walked away from a Connecticut estate with bags of stolen silverware over their shoulders.

The next day Mrs. Collings—who has never lost her willingness to assist police—viewed the men in the state police barracks; exonerated them. The older one beamed, seized her hand.

" Thanks, lady," he said. " I wouldn't kill anybody. I only steal from the rich."

In 1934 an elderly sailor was taken from the Seamen's Church Institute in New York City, questioned, and released.

Will the fantastic Collings case ever be solved?

Perhaps. That Mrs. Collings told the truth, we know today. That she suffered, greatly and undeservedly, for telling the truth, we know, too.

The most baffling crime of a decade was committed by the most difficult types of criminal to trace. A waterfront paranoiac with a hysterical streak of perversion, and a younger man—quite possibly a moron—under his domination.

Some day, perhaps, when the rattle of death is in his throat, the gray-haired murderer may gasp out the true story of that night of violence and lust.

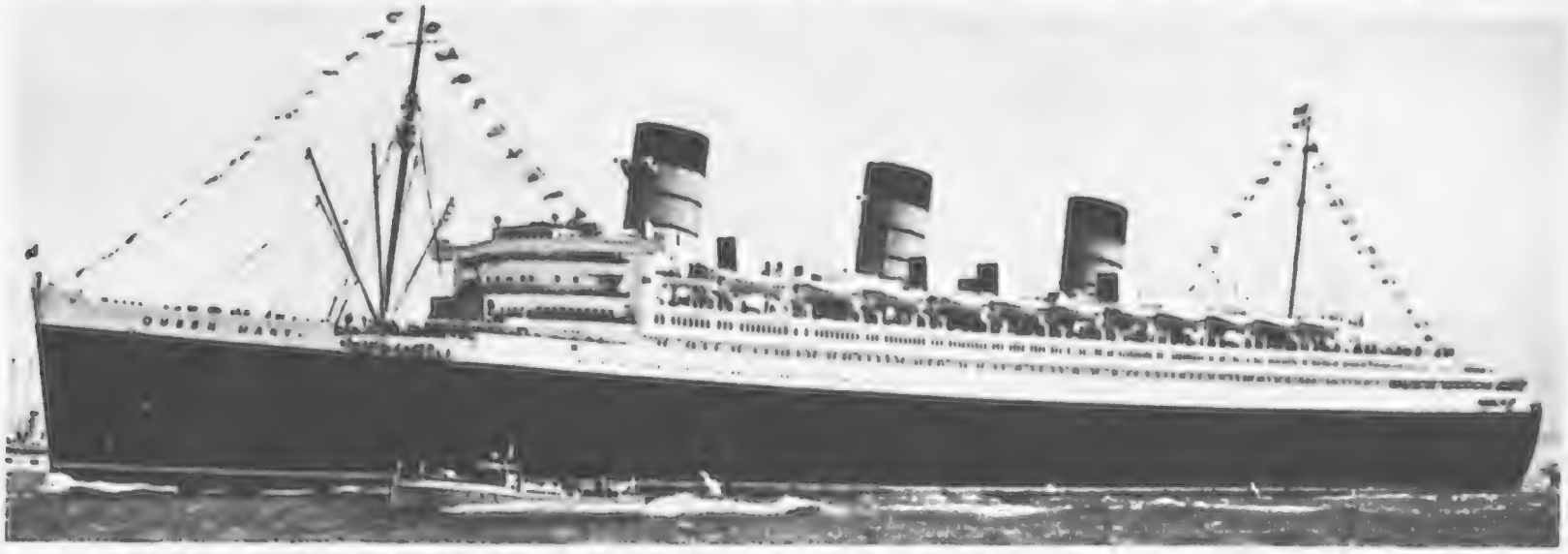
Or some day, perhaps, a stupid-faced younger man, caught in an act of petty pilfering, will blurt out, in terror, the mad melodrama of the white yacht Penguin.

The trail, today, is cold. Fate will have to solve the Collings case.

THE END

Was the Rosenthal murder truly solved? Or was justice duped in those historic trials that sent Lieutenant Becker and four gunmen to the chair—and their prosecutor to the governor's mansion at Albany? Read the new version of this famous case in an early issue!

200,000 H.P. UNDER HER HOOD_



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MASTER VILLON *Sees the Last*

EPITAPH

Brother men who shall live after us,
Be not hardhearted when you glance our way,
For with what pity you behold our plight,
God will look on you at the Judgment Day.
Here five or six of us you see hung up.
As to our flesh which once too much we fed,
In turn it is picked at, piece by piece, and eaten,
And we, the bones, shall make a cinder bed.
Laugh not at flakes and fragments from us shed,
But pray to God that He forgive us all.

Brothers whom we implore, indulge yourselves
In no disdain, though we were justly killed;
You know as well as we that many a man
Aims high but never does the thing he wills.
Pray, since the error that we did is ended,
Pray to the Son of Mary, that His grace
In the eternal doom forget us not,
Keep us from hell, grant us to see His face.
Quite dead we are, your smile is out of place!
Pray you to God that He forgive us all.

The rain has beaten down and washed us through;
The sun has dried us up and turned us black;
Ravens and crows have hollowed out our eyes,
Of beard and eyebrows left nor trace nor track.
Never, not for a second, have we peace,
Hither and yon the changing wind is nimble,
And drives us round the currents of its whim,
Pecked at by birds until we're like a thimble.
Be not like us; look on our fate and tremble,
And pray to God that He forgive us all.

Jesus, our Prince, who over us hast power,
From fire and torment keep us far away.
Never our steps led thither, nor our hearts,
For once there is no jest in what I say.
We pray to God that He forgive us all.

HEREWITH Liberty presents another episode in the lusty life of that poet, vagabond, and thief, François Villon, who, fleeing the provost, broke his journey at the castle of Duke Charles, a former patron. There he encountered his sweetheart and her father, de Grigny.

The latter, pride wounded by his daughter's love affair, forced the poet to draw his sword and defend himself. During the duel a wild boar charged de Grigny. Villon killed the beast, spared de Grigny, and, when Louise refused to elope, galloped off to Paris. Now follow him to further adventure!

THE cart drew near the city gate. Master Villon, comfortably flattened out on the load of straw, made himself still more inconspicuous as the farmer simultaneously encouraged his venerable horse to move faster, and entertained his passenger with talk in generous quantities.

"It's crowding the day, and I shouldn't be fetching the straw till tomorrow, but then again, a man doesn't want to miss a hanging. I thought I'd finish with the market business early, and enjoy myself this afternoon. They said the second hour, but he'll swing off about three. They're never prompt."

Under the gate, now uncomfortably near, Master Villon could see the collectors of the market fees, and other minor but energetic servants of the king, looking over strangers and visitors, it seemed, with unusual care. The farmer continued to make himself agreeable.

"This fellow, now, this Montigny, was wicked. Robbed a church. When they do that, I say it's going too far. They should leave the church alone. I'd be glad to tie the rope on him with my own hands."

The cart stopped while the farmer paid his fee, then the horse strained in the traces and the wheels creaked again. Master Villon looked back at his danger, over the top of the straw, as the cart moved on. One of the officials standing in the gate caught a good view of him, showed a pleasurable surprise, and started down the street after the cart—not too fast, just keeping his distance. Master Villon recognized Peter Merchant, the

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

OF A FRIEND

By JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME
24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

His head fell forward. The waiter was busy in another part of the room.

In which the lusty poet-rogue plays hide and seek with the gallows . . . The story of a perilous pilgrimage

provost's spy, who had caught Guy Tabarie and Montigny in his net, and now saw his last victim in his clutches.

Master Villon flattened himself on the straw again and thought hard. His guess was that Peter Merchant would not stop the cart. He would follow till they reached the market. Just as the horse stopped, the spy would saunter up and capture his prey.

Master Villon determined not to be seized. He buried his head in the straw till the cart began to go downhill, just before you come to St. Benoit's. He knew that world. Within arm's reach, you might say, was Catherine. That is, if she was at home, as she probably was not. Two streets farther on, if you turned to your right, you'd find St. Benoit's cloisters and his godfather the chaplain, who would almost certainly be at home, Master Villon's gift for adventure coming from his mother.

He raised his head ever so little. Peter Merchant was creeping up. Master Villon could see the smirk on his fat face, the slightly ecclesiastical benevolence that had shown in the tavern when he was helping Guy make a fool of himself. The smile broadened now as he caught Master Villon's eye.

It seemed best to make no further investigation of the landscape—yet unless he removed himself, Peter Merchant would overtake him in the cart before they reached the river. Master Villon unloosened his knife.

Just then the cart turned sharply to the left into the Street of the Doll, where the farmer had an old friend, a tapster who needed visiting. For that second, Master Villon calculated, they would be hidden from Peter Merchant. He went over the side of the wagon like an eel, dodged around the street corner, doubled back in the direction from which he had just come, and kept on turning to the left till he emerged in the Street of the Serpent, only three yards or so behind Peter Merchant, who was quickening his pace, a little worried. Master Villon waited till he had followed the cart out of sight.

It was a full half hour later, well on in the morning, when the washwoman who lived in the Celestin quarter heard a familiar knock. She opened the door without surprise.

"It's the worst day in your life, and that's the day you would choose!"

He slipped in quickly, threw his hat among the laundered things, and seated himself near her tub. "Would you want me to stay away when Montigny was to be hanged?"

You could see she was proud of his daring, but she

wouldn't encourage him. "If there was any way to help, I'd see the sense of it. They'll catch you now, and that will be the end."

He sat looking at the floor. "Have you heard what Guy told?"

"It's city talk—that you were in the robbery. Were you?"

He raised his eyes and looked squarely at her. "I was."

She nodded her head. "I knew it!"

"It was long ago, and I wouldn't do it now."

"You mean, not since you met the girl."

He nodded.

"Is she still perishing of love for you?"

He shook his head.

"What are you going to do?"

He sat up straight and crossed one knee over the other. "I'll see Montigny this afternoon—if they don't catch me first—then I'll go south and stay there."

She looked at him. "Have you money?"

"Not a sou."

SHE went over to a small box beside her account book on the table and took out a coin. When he felt her pressing it into his hand he looked up.

"I can't, mother. You have nothing to spare."

"If it would get you away—"

He smiled. "I know where money is, and it won't trouble my conscience to take it."

She looked frightened, but he stroked her hand. "I don't mean stealing."

"Your father will give you nothing!"

He liked the frankness with which she now acknowledged the chaplain's place in the family. "My father is one of those who are never well informed of their own destiny. Do you happen to know where there's a cap and coat of a different shape from mine?"

She threw up her hands. "How should *I* have a cap or a coat?"

"I thought my father might have sent over a garment or two for cleaning."

She stared at him a second, then went to a pile of things ready for the tub.

"It isn't a coat," she said—"just a dark shirt."

"Better than nothing," said Master Villon, getting into it. "I may come back for the coat later. Now, how about the cap?"

She shook her head. "I have none."

"Could you change this one?"

She took out the worn feather and stretched the crown over the post of the washing tub.

"I can't change it much."

"It will do," said he. "You've made it larger. I can pull it farther down on my face. . . . Well, I'll go on. What's the other news here?"

"None worth mentioning."

"What is Margot doing? And Robin Turgis?"

"I heard one thing," she said. "Catherine is having a child."

He faced her in the middle of the floor. "Did *they* tell you that?"

"She told me herself. She wanted to know where you were. She says it's yours."

He continued to look at his mother. "She couldn't know so soon."

"Why not? She says she spent the night with you in the cloisters."

Master Villon was thinking hard. "She came to you with that story?"

His mother wrung her hands as though to get rid of the suds. "I heard she was talking—I sent for her."

François walked slowly to the door, cap in hand. "No business of mine."

"Not if it's your child?"

He was opening the door.

"Put on your cap!" she called. "Pull it down!"

When he stepped into the street he glanced both ways, for caution. Fifty yards off, walking toward him from the river, came Peter Merchant. The satisfied smile broadened as he recognized what was under the altered cap. Master Villon bolted up the nearest alley.

He did not show himself again till the city was making its way, two hours later, toward the gallows at Mont Faucon. Only when the sidewalks were well crowded did he come cautiously out of his cellar door and lose himself in the stream.

He noticed that they were in a singularly happy mood. Many of the women brought along children who were too small to keep up with the mob. Some of the men gave the youngsters a lift on their shoulders. Small boys were there in large numbers, calling to each other and racing among the legs of their elders. They had evidently attended other hangings, and were connoisseurs in the art of rope-braiding. Master Villon burned with indignation, remembering who was to be hanged. He remembered also many a deathday in which, having no personal concern, he had, like his neighbors, found a holiday pleasure. Now he felt sick at heart.

Two shopkeepers were exchanging views on the severity of the law. A sentence or two came to him in the noise:

"They don't feel the same as we do. When you run the risk every day and go into it with your eyes open, you get callous."

The other merchant wasn't so sure. "They don't go into it with their eyes open. They never expect it will happen to them. It's like a soldier in the war—he thinks only the others will be wounded."

The first speaker held his ground. "This Montigny's been in the shadow of the noose before this. One way or another, he's had all the terror of it. Any one of his friends might stick a knife into him down some dark street. This way he has a world looking on. They're vain fellows, all of them."

Master Villon moved off out of earshot, and found himself elbowing a young couple, two lovers, who apparently were attending the execution by way of sentimental diversion. The boy was a student, as only a few years ago Master Villon had been. The girl was another Catherine, if you choose, but she had a sweet face, and for the moment they were happy. She was fishing for a gift, a bit of velvet she envied.

"Alice wears it around her neck, but I think it's prettier on the arm. Which way would you have it?"

"At New Year's my grandmother sends me three gold pieces."

"New Year's is a long way off," said the girl, not disagreeably but noting a fact in nature.

"I might pick up something before then."

"You're a dear!"

Master Villon separated himself from the amorous prattle.

IN front of him were three respectable citizens who had come to the hanging not to enjoy themselves but to support the law. They alone showed on their faces the gravity of the occasion.

"And his father," said the first, "was as fine a man as you could ask for—sober, God-fearing. God knows what a child will come to, no matter how good the breeding."

"He fell into bad company," said the second.

"He should have resisted temptation! For what else was all that good bringing-up?"

The third cleared his throat. "His judgment was unsound at the root. I hear he said there was little in a good life but dullness. His nature leaned to the vanities of this age. He was born to be hanged."

Master Villon would have left these sober talkers, but at that moment a youth precipitated himself most awkwardly into the first speaker's stomach.

"Where are you going? Have you no eyes?" protested the victim, straightening up again. His two companions turned their eyes with his on the young nuisance.

"A thousand pardons, sir!" said the youth. "I but lost my balance. It happens to me from time to time in a crowd—it's a lightness of the head."

The three men watched him disappear, with further remarks on the decline of youthful morals. Meanwhile Master Villon had been watching another youth remove a purse from the pocket of the moralist whose person had borne the brunt of the collision. It was so old a trick, wherever there were crowds, that it didn't seem a crime. Master Villon pressed forward. *(Continued on page 26)*

SPRING AND A CHEVROLET!

Now that spring has come 'round again, and all the world's in tune, take a vacation from worry! Get into a new Chevrolet, and get out of old ruts, old habits, old places. This car will take you wherever you want to go more smartly, more smoothly and more securely than any other automobile of its price; and it will save you money all the way. Buy a Chevrolet—*today's spring tonic*—the modern prescription for a happier world!

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CHEVROLET

THE ONLY COMPLETE CAR—PRICED SO LOW

(Continued from page 24) When they reached the hill the cheerfulness of the crowd increased rather than diminished. The cart hadn't yet arrived, but there was the gallows with the hangman's helper fitting a fresh rope. The fellow was up astride the crosspiece, and the more witty of the bystanders called out bits of advice.

Master Villon would have been hard put to it to explain why he was there. He had no affection for Montigny, who was likelier to lead a friend into danger than into profit, and who always favored his own skin. It would give Montigny, so far as he knew, no comfort to see an old comrade running the chance of arrest at the very gallows' foot. Loyalty in the abstract had no charms for him—he would prefer something practical, a bold rescue, a clean getaway. Master Villon was really there, as he had intimated to his mother, because it seemed cowardly to stay away. Also, though this was less clear in his mind, because he wished to look on his own fate. His most likely fate.

All the dreams that Louise had lighted might not save him from this.

THE crowd turned their attention down the hill. The cart was arriving. At first Master Villon could see nothing over the sea of shoulders; then the grim procession mounted into view. Half a dozen armed riders, the wagon, six riders more. In the cart, behind the driver, sat Montigny on a plank, with a priest beside him. At least, Montigny should have been seated, but he staggered to his feet and tried to address the assemblage, till the bumping of the wheels put him down again.

Master Villon could not hear what he said. He had probably bribed the hangman for the wine, as for certain other alleviations of the agony. The priest looked hopeless and horrified.

At the gallows the procedure was swift. The hangman's helper was still perched on the crosspiece, in case of need. The hangman went up the ladder, pulling Montigny after him, an awkward maneuver, since the culprit's hands were tied behind his back. Then the ladder was pulled away, and what the crowd had come to watch, began.

A body in the noose, slowly strangling, never died quietly. Feet and legs would twist in strange contortions, the tongue would stick out a marvelous length, never failing to provoke humor or pity, according to the temperament of the spectator.

Evidently the hangman had been bribed to end Montigny's torment as quickly as possible. The approved method was to seize the legs of the gyrating wretch and pull hard on them, so producing a quick strangulation. The hangman, however, could not get a firm grasp of Montigny's agonized heels. In fact, just as he was about to seize one leg the foot struck him in the mouth, dislocating a tooth. A cheer went up from the delighted crowd.

The hangman's helper, perched on the crossbeam, now justified his precarious posture by slipping down the rope, planting a foot firmly on each of Montigny's shoulders, and jumping till all movement in the body ceased. When there was not a twitch in the limp corpse the helper climbed up the rope again, slid down the gallows frame, and the hanging was over. The crows began to circle near, and the crowd moved off home.

Master Villon turned away in a daze. The hours he had spent with Guy and Montigny seemed from another world. This noisy mob around him were but specters. He walked aimlessly, keeping in motion because movement was around him.

All at once he was conscious of a satisfied smile and two leering eyes. He looked up and saw Peter Merchant almost near enough to touch. Evidently the spy was not yet ready to lay hands on him. Master Villon walked faster, as in a nightmare, conscious that the pursuing smile was only a few steps behind.

Once in the city again, he made his escape down the alleys and cellars, more familiar to him than to any treasury agent. By back street and courtyard he crept in safety to the wall of St. Benoit's cloister, where the sturdy old vine had served him as a ladder to his attic window. Today the vine was gone. At least, some eight feet were missing from the bottom. Some one had freshly cut it off to forestall his entry. Peter Merchant and his men were stopping all the openings of the trap.

Master Villon walked boldly around to the front door and knocked. The chaplain unlatched an inch or two and peered out.

"Do you know who it is?" said his son. "Let me in."

"What do you want?" asked the chaplain, leaving a small crack.

"We'll talk of that inside. Be quick!"

The chaplain hesitated. "You are no relative of mine!"

"If they catch me, I'll tell who's my father! The provost would like some of your gold before he hangs me!"

The door swung just wide enough, and when Master Villon had entered, the bolt went back in its place.

The chaplain's eyes showed abject fear. "You promised never to return!"

"And I promised also to ask for no more money," said Master Villon. "That wasn't the last time after all. This is. I must pay for food on the way."

The chaplain mustered a handful of courage. "I've given you all you'll ever get!"

Master Villon smiled at him. "Not a large purse this time—something moderate. One or two gold pieces, a bit of silver, plenty of small change."

The chaplain hesitated. "How do I know you won't come back again?"

Master Villon shook his head thoughtfully. "It's a deep problem. I may, or I may not."

For a moment the chaplain did some hasty calculating. "You'll go at once if I give you a purse?"

"No," said Master Villon. "I'll rest in my little room up in the garret till dark falls."

"Ah!" said the chaplain. "I'll give you the purse just before you go."

"Now!"

The chaplain thought a moment, then disappeared in his office or study, then came out again with a slender bag.

"I have no more!"

Master Villon examined the contents, made a wry face, and with no further words climbed the steps to his attic room.

It was quite unchanged. Indeed, furniture so simple could hardly suffer any subtraction, unless you removed it altogether. The bed, the chair, the table. Master Villon sat on the floor, lest even at that height he might be noticed from the street.

He was not usually given to sentimental reminiscence, but the fate of poor Montigny shocked him into keen remembrance.

IN this room he had spent his early childhood, when he thought his godfather really was his godfather, a kind and wise person, to be revered next to God.

In this room hour after hour he had pursued the first studies of his schooldays, wonderful discoveries of faraway times, long-gone heroes, witty minds. Had he continued in the path that then seemed inevitable, he might now be wearing a well lined cassock, like the chaplain's, and girding the silken cord around a comfortable waist. Well, he didn't care to wear a cassock, and he'd rather be thin and quick on his feet.

To this room he had come home, and in it he had spent a marveling night, shocked and thrilled, after Ambroise had discovered to his youth the mystery of love. On that bed he had stretched himself, beating the pillow and shedding salt tears, when he knew that Ambroise was to marry d'Estouteville.

At that desk he had written his first poems. It was Catherine, the wretch, who, unconscious of the golden gift, had opened for him a world of dreams and word-music. That was when he loved her truly, and thought her worth his adoration. When she proved herself far worse than Ambroise, the poetry remained, but of an acid flavor.

In this room he had returned to hide and tremble when Montigny and Guy first taught him the art of theft. They noticed the convenience of the ancient vine for getting in and out of the cloisters unchecked by his godfather.

He had sat here a long afternoon, gazing out the window, the day he had learned his godfather was not his

godfather but the parent of his flesh and blood. He had thought it through then, once for all, till he realized that the chaplain was neither good nor bad but only timid, afraid to do wrong, and lacking courage to do right. Yet he was a dignitary of the Church, a friend of the bishop, a pillar of society. That day Master Villon said good-by to society, into which he had never completely been born.

To that room Louise had come for love of him, and there she had met Catherine, who deliberately waylaid her that he might never find complete happiness and peace.

Well, that was life, and he had enjoyed his share in spite of all. Perhaps Montigny would say as much. In their way, they had lived. There was a better way, of course, but apparently not for them, and at least they were no cowards, no shirkers, no safety seekers. His father the chaplain was to be pitied on the whole, yielding up the purse from fear, giving nothing from an impulse of the heart. Master Villon imagined the talk, when his father told the girl who was to be his mother that he had decided to give up sinning and return to a cloistered life.

Downstairs he could hear his father now, moving about uneasily. In the kitchen Edouard, faithful old dog, was rattling pots and pans, preparing the evening supper. No doubt his father expected the fugitive in the attic to claim a meal.

Montigny's death, in a strange way, was his own. Something was finished in his life, and what came next would be quite different. He mingled Louise with these thoughts. Though he had lost her, her honest loveliness, the one purity he had ever known, reconciled him to what might befall. It would have been pleasant to win her, but even now she was his. His last thought, as he left his boyhood room, was of her.

Downstairs his father was waiting for him just outside the study, expecting perhaps some farewell. Master Villon pulled down his hat firmly.

"Good-by, father."

"May God have mercy on your soul!"

It didn't seem to Master Villon the most polite formula for a parting, nor was his father exactly the person to assume those spiritual attitudes from which the heavenly pity descends, but it was no time to be critical. Master Villon slipped into the night.

He wanted to leave the city by the gate through which he had entered, since all safety lay in the south, but it wouldn't do to show himself while any twilight lingered. He would make his escape in the shadows, just before the gates were closed. Meanwhile some food would strengthen his spirits. A tavern, perhaps, crowded with strangers from the country, in for the day to enjoy the hanging, who wouldn't recognize him. He walked quickly in the general direction of the gate.

But he hadn't gone far before he knew he was followed. When he looked back he saw no one, and when he stopped to listen there was no footfall, but as he walked he felt beyond doubt a relentless pursuit.

HE zigzagged from street to street to throw off the uncanny sensation, but it followed him, it even grew stronger. He told himself it was a fiction of the mind, the result of what he had seen that day, but he knew better.

Near the gate he found a tavern, as he had hoped, crowded with merrymakers homeward bound. He pushed boldly into the dim smoke-laden air. At the tables were farmers with their caps on, busy over bread and cheese and wine. They were still talking of Montigny's end, comparing it with other days when the excitement lasted longer, or some accident added a zest. The general opinion was that this hanging had been finished too soon—why come so many miles for so brief a show?

In the front of the tavern there were not chairs enough, since friend liked to talk with friend, and each group stayed together, even if it meant standing about the table. There was an inner room, however, not more than an alcove, with two empty seats. Master Villon controlled his nerves and sauntered toward this seclusion. The waiters did not see him. He would have called for service had he not feared that some one would recognize his voice.

He had not been there two minutes when Peter Merchant came in with his sardonic smile, and took the chair opposite him.

"You don't mind if I join you?"

Master Villon shook his head.

Peter Merchant beckoned the waiter. "Supper for two, and a good fat bottle. Be quick!"

He leaned his elbows on the table and grinned.

"We rather thought Montigny might tell us something useful at the gallows, but he was a gentleman to the last. Besides, he was drunk."

The waiter brought the dishes and the bottle. Peter Merchant paid for both.

YOU'RE dining with me," he said, filling Master Villon's glass. "When was it we met before? How long ago it seems! Your health!"

He poured the wine down his throat. Master Villon's sharp eyes saw that his face was already flushed. Peter Merchant was so sure of his prey that he had permitted himself to celebrate in advance.

"No reason we shouldn't be friends," he said. "The fact that I have to take you to the provost, and the judge must give you to the hangman, is no reason for hard feelings, would you say? Law is law. I saw you when you came in this morning." He filled another glass, and to encourage him, Master Villon raised the wine to his lips but did not drink.

"Thinks I," continued Peter Merchant, "he'll enjoy the day better if I let him have the run of the city. I'll just keep within sight. You're not so smart, François Villon. I was at your heels all the time."

The wine was beginning to work, and when he filled his glass again, his hand shook. Master Villon leaned forward across the table, as though to listen more intently.

"Your friend Guy, now, the one we're patching up so he can swing—you remember Guy, don't you? He's the fellow that blabbed that night I had the pleasure of meeting you. We put him on the rack, you know, and he came apart. You can't hang a man in good style when he's in pieces. Well—what was I saying?—oh—Guy told us all about you. Swore to it. You're as guilty as Montigny. François Villon, you may not know it, but you're a dead man!"

Master Villon stared at him in a friendly fashion. The waiter was somewhat near them at the moment.

"The trouble with you rascals, you know, is careleshness—carelessness," Peter Merchant corrected the word. "You grow recklesh—reckless. Why the devil did you come here today? Our men are looking for you between Orléans and Tours, and never having seen you, they probably wouldn't have recognized you. Tha'sh funny, isn't it? You had to come where you're well known! I've never seen it to fail—the murderer comes back to his crime; the thief is fashinated—fascinated—by the gallows. When I saw you this morning, riding in on that straw cart, I just had to laugh. True as doctrine, I said, they're all alike. What I mean is—what I shtarted to say—I'll make it plain in a minute—"

His head fell forward on his arms, and the waiter was busy in another part of the room. No one saw them. Master Villon's hand was over the drunken man's mouth and his knife was at his throat.

Peter Merchant snored.

You can't kill a sleeping man, much as you'd like to! Master Villon steadied his nerves, walked deliberately through the crowded outer room, bowed courteously to his fellow guests, and disappeared in the night.

THE END

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Alias EMERALD ANNIE

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TOLD by his assistant that "Emerald Annie" is the brains of a dope-smuggling ring in Panama, Hardesty, of the Washington Narcotics branch of the Treasury Department, flies from Ancon to Colón to put her under arrest. It is his intention to take her back to the States immediately by way of the Toloa, which sails around midnight.

Early in the evening the G-man goes to Annie's Ritz, her popular night club, and breaks the news to the hostess. She repudiates the charge, and intimates it is a cowardly plot on the part of Carlos Urdaneta, a so-called Panama patriot. Hardesty admits that Urdaneta has been working secretly against her, but insists that she prepare to leave Colón at once. Annie declares it is impossible, for that night she must meet some one that she has waited years to see.

Hardesty is not persuaded. Equally determined, she draws a gun on him, which the G-man takes from her. Frantic then, she begs him to listen to her story, so that he may understand her position and be merciful. He consents to hear her yarn. The glamorous night hostess pours out her heart.

Born Annie Hopkins, on the lower East Side, New York, her mother died at her birth; her policeman father was fatally shot when she was fifteen. Honest Tim Nagle, the big politician of Avenue A, adopted her. One night, after a drinking bout with a bunch of Latin Americans, among whom was Carlos Urdaneta, the drunken ward boss seduced the girl. A baby, named Flossie for her dead mother, was born, and Annie's unhappiness and shame were lessened a little.

But Honest Tim now hated her. Wanted her and her baby out of the way. Acting as a spy and liar, Urdaneta convinced the East Side politician that Annie was unfaithful. Though Honest Tim lost $50,000 to the Panamano in their bet on her virtue, he was glad of the chance to rid himself of what he called his "ball and chain." He orders his henchman, Hymer Schmitt, to drive poor Annie to a remote spot in the Bronx and kill her. Hymer does so to the point of drawing his gun, when Annie, like a panther, springs at him.

PART THREE—"BEFORE I DIE I'LL FIND YOU!"

SCHMITT and Annie fought like bad children for that gun—for life and death.

The expression in Hymer's eyes was savage. With sudden strength he tore the revolver from her frenzied hold. Its barrel gleamed in the moonlight.

A colorful, thrill-packed novel sweeps on to a sudden surprise

Annie saw it despairingly—saw more than heard the sharp click as his finger pulled the trigger; saw the vicious yellow spurt of flame.

She dropped to the floor of the car, but her two hands still frantically clawed at his hands—again trying to get his gun.

"Missed you!" he grunted as they strained.

The struggle did not last long. He was almost on top of her in the cramped interior of the car. He had to let the gun fall to hold her frenzied hands. He was panting, disgusted with his job.

Perhaps the shot that missed her had given him time to think; taken the ruthless, murderous steel out of his spine; had brought to him, who had never been really a professional killer, a sudden realization of what he was on the point of doing and would never be able to undo; to take a life, a woman's life . . . and this woman pleading with him desperately:

"Please, Hymer! Please! I—I ain't never done you no harm." . . .

"I don't want to kill nobody, but—"

"Then why . . ."

"Boss's orders."

"Tim? Why—that couldn't be true!"

"I'm tellin' ya, kid! If it ain't you—then it's the both of us. He's made up his mind."

She had known that Tim was through with her; had been ever since the birth of the baby. But she hadn't dreamed he could hate her enough to kill her. She *must* keep Hymer talking.

"But listen to me, Hymer. Tim's bound to be sorry by now. He don't really want me to die. It was just a fit of temper—he was sore at me when he told you to do this. He must have been drunk—"

"No—no—it's worse than that."

"Can't imagine what you mean. Tim . . ."

"About that other guy."

"What other guy?"

"The foreigner ya played around with on the side."

"I never did!"

"Oh, yes, ya did. The boss told me . . ."

"There ain't never been any other guy, I tell you. Tim ought to know that. Tim—was the first—the only one . . ."

There was a pause.

"Is that the truth?" Hymer demanded slowly, as if he would not have believed it possible.

"I swear to God it is. You gotta believe that."

Another pause. He stared down at her through the dimness with his heavy-lidded eyes.

"I believe it," he said finally.

And he did believe her—even though Tim said she had carried on with a guy he called a "Panamano greaseball." . . .

But Hymer had to go through with it.

"Gotta do it," he repeated dully. "Gotta do it." . . .

"No, no!" cried Annie. Hymer was hesitating; she must have a chance if she talked fast. "Hymer," she pleaded, "you don't want to kill me—but Tim got you by the short hair. That it?"

"That's it, all right!"

"Tell Tim you croaked me. That's all you gotta do. As easy as rolling off a log—ain't it?"

"He'd catch on—you know him!" Hymer frowned and plucked at his lip.

"No, he won't. I'll leave town for good and all."

"I wish," sighed Hymer, "it could be done, but—"

"Of course it can! Let's get back to the house. I'll sneak upstairs—get Flossie . . ."

"Wait a minute, sister. Not so fast."

"What's wrong about that?"

"There ain't no Flossie any more."

"You mean—"

"That's what I mean, all right. The nigger servant did it with a pillow—right after we left. I give him his orders, and he didn't like it none, but he's just the same as me—has to do what Tim says. And the kid couldn't put up no argument like you—"

The world was spinning another way, turning another shape.

He stared down at her through the dimness with his heavy-lidded eyes. "I believe it," he said finally.

BARKS SHIN ON DESK DRAWER

Absorbine Jr. from office medicine chest relieves painful bruise

"MY desk drawer was open," writes Mr. J. O.*, business man of Denver, "and in getting up in a hurry I barked my shin most painfully. It stung and burned like blazes. I hobbled to the medicine chest and there, fortunately, found a bottle of Absorbine Jr. I tell you, sirs, I never experienced a more gratifying, soothing sensation of relief than when I applied your wonderful liniment."

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*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot

"Go on and kill me, then!" she screamed. "Hurry up!"

But he wouldn't, then. It was horrible and fantastic, the way things were between them. He, who had meant to kill her, now pleading with her to live. He, filled up with loathing for his errand, for Tim Nagle, who sent him on it—for himself.

"Pull yourself together," he urged. "You're young. You've got a nice life ahead of you. The quicker you stop thinking about Flossie—"

"I'll never stop thinking about her the longest day I live!"

And that's one vow a woman made and kept. Everything important that Annie did in the hell-roaring days of Panama was done in fulfillment of that oath the complete meaning of which she could not then understand.

He gave her a drink of whisky; in his blundering way coaxed her to talk about the plan which only a few minutes before had so excited her.

And presently her mind went miserably but forthrightly to work. Her anguished feelings gave way to her immediate thoughts. That was Annie's way; that, in a sense, was Annie's strength. It must sound queer to call this hellcat of Panama, scourge of Colón, hot woman of the Isthmus, a mental type. Yet she was all three: a physical type, a mental type, yes, and—I dare to say it after all her wild years in the Canal Zone—a spiritual type, too, fused and blended in the furnace of hard luck.

She thought: Some day I will get even with Tim Nagle. She did, too, as you will find out; it was a quest that explained her fight with me not to leave Panama. But right now there was nothing—absolutely nothing—she could do.

Right now it was up to her to save her own life, to get away from Tim's murderous hate, to get away from New York. . . .

ALREADY a plan had formed in her brain. Wearily she explained it—at least, a part of it—to Hymer, who said:

"Ye're a wonder, babe."

He stared at her in openmouthed admiration—this gunman, as we were just beginning to call them then, this killer, whose particular tragedy was that, although he had a certain kindliness, it was overshadowed by his naïve congenital brutality.

"O. K.?" demanded Annie.

"Sure. Let's get a move on."

. . . . . .

They left the Bronx; drove south. Narrow cluttered streets presently. Secondhand shops still open and doing a roaring trade, in spite of the late hour.

For instance, the widow Ostrowsky's place—three golden balls above its door twinkling ironically in the direction of the corner saloon, as if to show the way.

There Annie entered. Twenty-seven dollars and some odd cents was in her pocketbook. She bargained shrewdly, acquiring a complete outfit of wearing apparel: skirt, waist, jacket, underwear, hat—everything.

Everything, that is, except shoes and stockings.

"They don't carry shoes and stockings," she told Hymer as she got back into the car—and lied. "I can make out with my own." With her toes she felt the two wads of money—a thousand dollars in crinkly bills of large denomination—which meant her future.

"All right?"

"I guess so."

They went on their way; came to a deserted part of Riverside Drive. Here they parked.

She said:

"Close your eyes. Don't peep. I'm going to change my clothes now."

SHE undressed to her skin; put on the things she had bought. She noticed that he was scribbling laboriously in a cheap little notebook.

"O. K., Hymer."

He turned, put the book in his pocket, and looked her over.

"Ye're a sight for sore eyes. Chiefly the new lid. Swell—I calls it."

She gave him the clothes which she had taken off.

"Fire a bullet into them," she advised him, "and . . ."

"Not necessary," he interrupted. "I'll tell Tim I let ya have it in the temple—chucked yer naked body, weighted with stones, in the river."

She shuddered a little. Then she stepped out of the car.

"I guess I'd better be traveling."

"How're ya fixed for dough?"

He reached into his pocket; came out with a ten-dollar bill.

She was a little ashamed to take the money, remembering the thousand dollars rammed into her shoes. But he might get suspicious if she didn't make a touch. Besides—come to think of it—that ten spot, too, must have originally come from Tim.

"Thanks for all you've done for me, Hymer. Anything I can ever do for you in return . . ."

"All you can do for me is beat it—and the farther away from N'Yawk the better I'll like it."

She smiled to herself.

The Isthmus of Panama, she reflected—that *was* far away, wasn't it? . . .

She shook hands with the man who had meant to be her executioner.

"Be seeing you."

"Not if I can help it," was his reply. "I don't want to ever see ya again. Why, if Tim finds out. . . ."

"Forget it. Tim'll never get wise."

"Listen, Annie. Will ya make me a promise?"

"Sure." She was eager to oblige.

"Before Gawd?"

"Yes—before God."

"See this little piece of paper?"

In the hand which had held the gun he showed now a folded pellet.

"I wrote something on this. Something ya ought to know. But not now! That's what ya took a noath to. So just keep it—until you're far away from here. Then read it"—he giggled foolishly—"if you can make out my writin'—"

She turned, lifted her skirt, and tucked the note under her garter.

"I'll keep my promise, Hymer."

They shook hands. She turned on her heel and walked swiftly down Riverside Drive, already debating what to do next—rather, where to go next.

Should she spend the night at some small hotel?

She decided against it. No telling who might see you in a hotel lobby.

She had heard one of Tim's friends once say, surprisingly, that a railway depot was a safe hiding place. People there were always in a hurry, taken up with their own last-minute affairs, asking questions at the information booth, fussing with porters, kissing relatives farewell, getting newspapers and magazines and candy.

SO Annie took a cross-town car, transferred, and it was almost midnight when she reached the Grand Central Terminal. She bought a newspaper, went to the women's rest room, and sat down on a bench.

She opened the paper and consulted the sailing dates.

For her mind was made up. Panama.

The Antigua—she read—left for Colón at eleven in the morning.

Very well. She'd take the Antigua.

For a long time after that she just cried. It was daylight before, in a kind of exhausted trance, she leaned back and thought of Panama; thought of it with all of her rich young imagining.

Ah, it would be a safe haven. New scenes would make it easier to forget her baby.

It would be good to be seeing a new land. There would be twining, unexpected alleys of strange cities, crowded with exotic gesticulating people. Like scenes in paper-back novels she had read. The secret Spanish patios where a fountain tinkled under the sun and a dagger glistened under the moon. And great calm tropic stars like spangles. And the note of a warm silver bell, dim and slurred.

There she could ask God to forgive her for all her sins; talk to a priest, and pray for the repose of the soul of her child.

No more New York. No more the drab pavement of Avenue A, the sneers and snickers of Avenue A.

No more Tim Nagle. . . .

And then, the next second, she said to herself:

"No more Flossie! Oh—dear God—no more my darling little Flossie!"

Hot tears welled up in her eyes. She sighed—and an elderly woman

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
THE JUDGE AND CHUBBINS VISIT AN OLD FRIEND WHILE ON THEIR TRAILER TRIP
WH-O-O-A FOX HUNTING IS GRAND, NANCY - BUT I'M AFRAID MY HORSEMANSHIP ISN'T UP TO IT - I CAN'T RIDE LIKE YOU
WHY, CHUBBINS - YOU'RE DOING FINE. BUT LET'S STOP ANYWAY. I'M A LITTLE TIRED TOO
WHUP - PULL UP LON - THE GIRLS HAVE QUIT THE CHASE
YES, SIR - THAT'S A MIGHTY SMART TRAILER YOU HAVE, JUDGE - I RECKON YOU'RE HAVING A GREAT TIME
YES, MAJOR - AND THIS VISIT AT YOUR PLANTATION MAKES IT WONDERFUL. AH, HERE ARE OUR DAUGHTERS NOW
WHERE'S YOUR PIPE, LON? DIDN'T LOSE IT IN THE CHASE DID YOU?
NO - I'M JUST GIVING MY TONGUE A REST - SEEMS LIKE EVERY TOBACCO I TRY BITES WORSE'N THE LAST ONE - AND DOGGONE IT - I LIKE A PIPE TOO
SIR, I CAN'T HELP NOTICING HOW YOU ENJOY THAT PIPE. IS THAT SOME SPECIAL TOBACCO YOU'RE SMOKING?
IT'S 'SPECIAL' ALL RIGHT, FAR AS MILDNESS AND GOOD RICH BODY ARE CONCERNED. HOW ABOUT TRYING PRINCE ALBERT YOURSELF SON?
WELL - WELL SO THIS IS PRINCE ALBERT! I'VE HEARD IT WAS MILD, BUT I NEVER DREAMED IT WOULD SMOKE SO SMOOTH AND EASY ON THE TONGUE
P.A.'S SECRET IS THE 'NO-BITE' PROCESS THAT REMOVES HARSHNESS, AND THE CRIMP CUT MAKES IT BURN SLOW AND DRAW COOL
Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
IF NOT DELIGHTED GET MONEY BACK
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
2
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING P.A. CIGARETTE TOBACCO
SO MILD!
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert
BEEN NEGLECTING YOUR PIPE LATELY? WITH MILD, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT YOU'LL WANT TO SMOKE IT MORE OFTEN!
ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS TOO GO FOR P.A.'S MILDNESS AND GRAND TASTE
PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"One more night like that and I'll be PUSHING UP DAISIES!"

HEAD THROBBING UNTIL
ANOTHER PARTY AND I'LL BE IN MY GRAVE
CHEER UP, PAL—WE'LL GET YOU A BROMO-SELTZER
• VERY SOON •
A FAST WORKER, THAT BROMO-SELTZER! MY HEADACHE'S GONE
IT SETTLES THE STOMACH, STEADIES THE NERVES, TOO

● Next-morning headaches call for *fast* relief! Bromo-Seltzer stops them *faster*, doctors found, than any other remedy they tested. Settles the stomach, too, and soothes nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood caused by overindulgence. Get Bromo-Seltzer at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

sitting next to her looked up and asked:

"Not feeling so good, dearie?"

"Oh—thanks—I'm all right."

Of course she was all right. She'd keep on being all right. It was up to her. Up to her to make the grade—for herself—and for Flossie.

For she hadn't lost Flossie. Somewhere in eternity she would find her.

With a prayer on her lips, she dozed off. She slept peacefully enough, her young bones not minding the hard bench; and in the morning, as soon as the stores were open, she did some more shopping, acquiring a suitcase and a change or two of wearing apparel.

"Going South," she explained, rather importantly, to the saleswoman.

She drove down to Pier 9, North River, to find out about a cabin.

Now, those, of course, were the days before the World War. The days before strife brought hate and suspicion between nation and nation, and suspicion brought a red-tape avalanche of passports and visas and re-entry registrations and alien-tax receipts and sailing permits and this and that and the other intricately worded documents to be filled out and sworn to—so as to gladden the soul of ink-stained bureaucracy and sadden that of the traveling public. All that Annie had to do that day was to pay out her money, buy a ticket, and set forth.

The only trouble Annie encountered was that the Antigua was packed with passengers. Nothing left but a small single-berth stateroom on D deck, in close and odorous proximity to the galley.

That's what the man at the ticket window explained to her.

"Sorry, ma'am. It's the best I can do."

"O. K. by me," she replied. "I'd just as soon bunk down with the ship's cat."

Careless words, spoken in a tragic voice. A voice that was young. Accents that held the tang of the downtown gutters. And two men overheard: two men in uniform—the purser and the chief steward. They looked up, interested—and the purser whispered:

"Listen, Dick—I want that redhead."

"The hell you do," was the chief steward's rejoinder. "I saw her first." . . .

And even before the ship sailed, Dick, whose other name was Kempner, proceeded to make himself agreeable to Annie.

Anything he could do for her comfort and happiness—any special food

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(in addition to the regular purchase prices) to the authors of the best short short stories published in its pages in the next seven months.

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Similar awards to the authors of seven recent short shorts were announced in Liberty for April 17. These are new bonuses, for the period from June 1 to December 31, 1937. As before, stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual; on publication in any issue of Liberty within the time designated each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus. Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest.

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THIS IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND GRATITUDE TO THE AUTHORS WHO, OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS, HAVE CONTRIBUTED TO LIBERTY THE BEST SHORT SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN ANY LANGUAGE.

she wanted—anything at all . . .

Solicitously he took her arm; squired her down the companionway, along the passageway to her cabin. Got her ice water—Nice little guy, she thought—and promised her a seat at the nicest table in the dining saloon; and then—as there was a loud shrilling of steam whistles, a clanking of chains and rasping of boards—said:

"Got to run now. Here we go—outbound with our menagerie of tame tourists who want to see how their Uncle Sam is getting on with the Panama Canal."

Tourists everywhere.

Tourists leaning over the gunwale and swapping farewells and stale jests and last-minute promises to remember this and that and the other thing with friends and relatives on the pier. Tourists already beginning to drop democracy's strict social lines that ashore divide a banker from a grocer and a Cabot from a Kabottsky; beginning, too, to compare their pet ailments, to tell smutty stories, to whisper petty scandals, to voice their peevish half-baked ideas on politics, to boast how many sea voyages they had made.

TOURISTS milling from port to starboard.

And Bill Garrett, the master of the Antigua, looking at them from the bridge with a jaundiced eye, then shrugging his shoulders.

"Mister!" he shouted at the Second. For Garrett was still a man of the seven seas, and for the rest of his life he was to refuse obstinately to get used to gyrocompass and automatic steering and echo sounding and wireless directing and all the rest of the modern gadgets. "Ease the helm! Steady, mister! Keep her as she goes! Sou' by west an' a quarter west!"

"Sou' by west an' a quarter west, sir!" came the booming answer, while the Antigua curved away toward the Hook, eager to reach the open Atlantic, while New York receded slowly, and while Annie, alone on top deck, looked around her at the world.

The roofs of the city were bathed in crimson and purple light. The windows flashed with a million dazzling reflections. The warehouses squatted solid and braggart. New York on a perfect clean morning of late autumn. A city of brass and gold; hard, massive; beautiful, in its way; imbued with a spirit of haughty, rather brutal mastery.

America's Eastern frontier. The frontier against Europe.

But Annie was leaving her whole life, going out to a new frontier: the tropical frontier; the last frontier of romance and freedom. . . .

For a long time, excited and tearful, she remained on deck, strolling to and fro.

Then she heard the lunch bell.

She was hungry; hurried down to the dining saloon.

Dick Kempner, the chief steward, led her to a small corner table. Its

I GOT IN A LATHER ABOUT MY NEW JOB—BUT NOT THE RIGHT LATHER
THAT NEW MAN, BILL SMITH, CERTAINLY IS IN A LATHER ABOUT HIS JOB
THE BOSS WOULD LIKE IT BETTER IF IT WAS A LIFEBUOY LATHER
THAT NIGHT
I SAY, DOCTOR, IS LIFEBUOY DIFFERENT FROM OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAPS?
IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT IN THE OTHERS. AND IT STOPS "B.O."—IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN
THOSE GABBY GIRLS CERTAINLY DID ME A FAVOR! THIS IS ONE SWELL SOAP. I FEEL CLEANER THAN I EVER DID BEFORE
NO MORE "B.O."—Bill forges ahead
WHY DO WE GET CANDY WHEN YOU GET PROMOTED?
THIS IS JUST A LITTLE THANK-YOU! I OWE YOU GIRLS A LOT
MORE American women—men and children, too—use Lifebuoy for the bath than any other soap. This fact was revealed when 8 leading magazines questioned 120,000 women... Lifebuoy's 20% milder lather is grand for freshening complexions, too!
LIFEBUOY
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
MILDER THAN OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS, BY FAR
BILL, YOU ALWAYS LOOK SNAPPY. WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE TO A FELLOW WITH A FAST-GROWING BEARD AND SKIN TOO TENDER FOR CLOSE SHAVING?
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT ABSORBS HALF AGAIN AS MUCH MOISTURE AS ORDINARY CREAMS—SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT—MAKES CLEAN SHAVING EASY
THIS IS THE CLEANEST SHAVE I EVER HAD. AND MY SKIN FEELS SWELL! LIFEBUOY'S SO MILD!
THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE HOLDS 120 TO 150 SHAVES
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
Send for a FREE Trial Tube
This extra-moist lather stays wet longer—soaks beards softer. Mild and soothing, too. Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-121, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (Offer good in U. S. and Canada only.)

"A GILT EDGE INVESTMENT"
MY WORD, MEADOWS, THESE CHEAP BULBS WERE A WRETCHED BUY!
YES, MADAM, WE NOW BUY G-E MAZDA LAMPS THEY STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
AND I KNOW THAT G-E MAZDA LAMPS GIVE 30% MORE LIGHT THAN SOME INFERIOR BULBS
AN EXCELLENT RETURN ON YOUR MONEY, MADAM
only 15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS
FREE—Write for helpful new booklet "Seeing Begins." Tells how much light you need...suggests ways to get it. Address Dept. 166-L, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

only other occupant was an elderly man—deaf, judging from his ear trumpet—engaged in studying the menu as if it were the Bible.

Dick smiled at her.

"You're not sore I didn't give you a seat next to some young fellow," he whispered, "are you?"

"No. What's it all about?" she asked, her thoughts far from what was in his mind.

"I'm jealous," was his low-voiced retort.

She forced a laugh; gave her order; picked up a late-edition morning newspaper, marked "Compliments of the Consolidated Fruit Line," that was beside her plate.

Casually, while her soup was being served, she glanced at it. Then she sat up with a start as a headline caught her attention:

MURDER ON THE ELEVATED

In panic she read it.

It was the prosaic account of the death of a man—one Hymer Schmitt, according to letters in his pocket, long and unfavorably known to the police—having been discovered in an elevated washroom with four bullets in his body.

She knew the answer.

Tim Nagle, believing her dead, had then rid himself of her supposed killer; had eliminated, therefore, as he reckoned, whatever hold the latter might have on him.

She choked back an exclamation of anguish.

Poor devil! He'd been good to her—as good as he knew how. . . .

She turned pale; and immediately Dick Kempner hurried over to her.

"Touch of seasickness?" he inquired. "Already?"

"I—I guess so." . . .

"Up on deck with you. I'll send you a tray. A cup of beef tea—some dry crackers . . ."

"Thanks."

She went up on deck to recover herself. The tray came. But so did Dick Kempner.

He wrapped a steamer rug around her; made her as comfortable as he could.

Nice little guy, she thought again—but she wanted to be alone. There was something she had to do at once. . . .

When at last Dick Kempner's duties as chief steward called him below, she slipped her hand under the steamer rug, fumbled at her knee, and reclaimed that note on which she had taken an oath to Hymer Schmitt not so long ago.

It was a scrawl, hard to read as he had warned her. But the message came through to her with a force that was like a blow at her heart. She wanted to scream as she read:

Flossie aint dead. I had to lie about it because there wouldnt a bin any holding you if you knowed she was still alive and we would both be dead now but Flossie is alive all right Tim sent her to some asylum I don't know where he woulden say because he says nobody can ever know that but anyway Flossie aint dead.

HYMER.

She stood up and swayed toward the rail.

No more city, not even a shore to be seen that misty day; no way to get back—

"Not now, Flossie!" she sobbed. "But before I die I'll find you—please, God, help me do that!"

By what miracle can Annie ever regain her baby? Who and what will help her in the strange and dangerous country to which she is going? Alone and friendless, Annie faces a tough problem. Can she conquer? The next installment in Liberty reveals how she began her fight in an alien, hostile world.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The curly-headed stripling of this week's early photo is that no more. You've seen his bathtubs on the screen; heard him speak of suds Monday nights. His brother's in the pix business too. Who is he?

2—In the Bible, who walked forty days without eating?

3—What manlike act can an owl perform that other birds cannot?

4—Is there anything remarkable about Lassen Peak?

5—What abbreviated state do small boys shun?

6—Has governmental interference with business ever been known to cause a panic in the United States?

7—What was formerly the name for the Hawaiian Islands?

8—Who wrote Progress of Error?

9—A big-league batter runs to first base in about how many seconds?

10—If Harry L. Hopkins is Works Progress administrator, who is Public Works administrator?

11—Did some carriages have rumble seats?

12—What place calls itself the Biggest Little City in the World?

13—Who was Russia's Mad Monk?

14—What are the last names of Newton Booth ——, Ida Minerva ——, Louis Dembitz ——?

15—Graduates of Annapolis are usually commissioned as what?

16—Who was President when the Titanic was wrecked?

17—Which has the greater number of permanent teeth, a man or a dog?

18—Where were the 1936 Olympic Winter Games?

19—What Chinese dish unknown to China means sliced fine?

20—Under what masculine name did Mary Ann Evans Cross write?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

Gaston B. Means— MASTER BAD MAN

BY MAY DIXON THACKER, Co-Author of "The Strange Death of President Harding"

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

ALTHOUGH Gaston Means boastfully admitted his part in the cold-blooded murder of Jess Smith, he refused, as Mrs. Thacker told in last week's installment, to name his accomplice in that black deed. "You don't catch me confessing some one else's sins," he said, "for you or anybody else."

However, when Mrs. Thacker pressed him for the true version of his dealings in the notorious Nan Britton case, he eagerly confessed not only his abominable role in unearthing details of that scandal, but the part the President's wife played in assigning him to the undercover acts.

He told of going to the apartment of Nan Britton's sister in Chicago, on Mrs. Warren Harding's orders, and stealing the diaries and letters Nan Britton had locked in a closet there. These, he said, he turned over to Mrs. Harding in the presence of another woman friend of hers. Demanding further proof—or denial—of the report that Nan Britton was the mother of the President's child, Mrs. Harding demanded that Means bring her the jewelry the President had given Nan Britton during the alleged romance. Means accomplished this, he said, through the help of his operatives. Yet Mrs. Harding was unsatisfied. She assigned Means to the task of obtaining a complete history of the former Marion, Ohio, girl, and a complete report of all President Harding's medical examinations.

Means fulfilled these difficult jobs at a great cost to Mrs. Harding. And all the evidence, he said, pointed to one thing: That Warren G. Harding had been Nan Britton's lover; that he was the father of her child.

Means saw Nan Britton but once during these four investigations, he told Mrs. Thacker. That was when she made a trip from Chicago to visit the President in Washington. Means followed her in a cab to her hotel.

Mrs. Harding gave Means one more assignment in the case. She ordered him to bring Nan Britton's child to her in the White House.

PART SEVEN — "LIES, MADE OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH . . ."

THERE was fury in Mrs. Harding's white drawn face and determination in her tense slight figure as she gave me this ultimatum. Her eyes were boring into mine, but I met her glance squarely.

"'Mrs. Harding,' I replied firmly, 'I refuse to do it.'

"For a moment longer our glances locked. Then her eyes wavered, looked away.

"'You won't do that?'

"I shook my head.

"'No, I won't.'

"It was at that moment—with the smashing sound of a shot—that a door slammed.

"Crossing the room toward us in long, angry strides, came President Harding. His body, too, was tense and trembling, his handsome face crimsoned and twisted by rage. It was easy enough to figure the situation.

"He knew! The moment I had dreaded for weeks had arrived."

Gaston Means paused to gesticulate, to enjoy his own dramatization of that scene in the White House. He grinned as he sensed my instinctive eagerness for him to continue his story, and deliberately halted it to light another cigarette. Then he continued:

"Believe it or not, Mrs. Thacker, when that moment

I shouldn't have been astounded by his admission; but I was.

The story of the most fantastic hoax in all American history—How a famous book was born

actually arrived I was perfectly cool. The President came over to me, quite close. His voice was dry and choked with anger. He shook a warning forefinger within an inch of my face.

" ' By what authority, Means,' he demanded, ' have you placed the President of the United States under surveillance? '

" ' I haven't done that, sir,' I told him.

" ' So! You're a liar as well as a contemptible sneak.'

" I didn't like his words—and I let him know it.

" ' I have not,' I told him again, ' placed you under surveillance at any time. I have, however, recently placed under surveillance Nan Britton, your mistress and the mother of your child.'

" I expected that to shake him, but I had no idea how hard it really would hit him. It literally staggered him. He stepped back several paces, bumping into and overturning a small end table.

" His face grew an ugly darker crimson. His hands clenched and unclenched. His lips, tightly pressed, made a straight thin line, and behind them I could hear his teeth grinding. I saw a little vein in his right temple begin to pound furiously. I thought, for a moment, that there was going to be a fist fight, there in the White House, between myself and the President of the United States.

" Mrs. Harding was scared but putting on an outward show of composure. She pushed him aside, righted the fallen table and began fussily retrieving ornaments that had spilled to the floor with it.

WARREN G. HARDING

" ' Warren! Please don't make a scene.'

" She hissed the words in a frightened whisper. I don't think he even heard them. But that little push she'd given him when she started to pick up the end table did the trick. Some of the fighting tension went out of his body. He took it out in words.

" ' Means,' he told me, ' you're through in Washington. Before you reach your home you'll be officially ousted from the Department of Justice. If you ever set foot in the White House again, you'll be placed under arrest. If grounds exist—and I think they do—you'll be under indictment within a week.

" ' Now, get out of here! '

" I bowed to Mrs. Harding. To the President I said: ' Good day, sir.'

" I crossed the room, opened the door to the corridor, and, as I turned to close it behind me, saw a strange sight.

" The President of the United States was shaking his fist in the white face of the First Lady of the Land. Before the door clicked shut, I heard his low voice, brittle with wrath, say to her:

" ' You're doing your best to ruin me, aren't you? You and your damned snooping detectives! ' "

GASTON MEANS, visualizing that scene, grinned. Then he slumped deeper into his chair and the grin faded from his face. There was bitterness in his voice when he spoke again.

" Well," he said—and shrugged—" Harding kept his promise. I got my note of dismissal from the Department of Justice. It was signed by Harry Daugherty. But though I was banned from the White House, Mrs. Harding still ordered me to report to her.

" We met, usually, at the Washington home or country estate of the woman who had turned over to her the first proofs I had obtained of Warren Harding's infidelity.

" It was under such an arrangement that I talked with her for the first time after the unpleasant quarrel in the White House. Long weeks had elapsed and she seemed to have aged horribly. But even then I could detect the signs. She was revolving some weird new plan in her strange mind. I hoped fervently that this new scheme, whatever it was, would not involve me. As events later occurred, it didn't.

" Though she seemed a beaten woman, that was just a superficial outward appearance. She was more tired, perhaps, than anything, and her determination to master an impossible situation was strong as ever. I could read it in the wild fanatical gleam of her eyes, in the rigid unyielding stiffness with which—sitting or standing—she held her slight body. She spoke calmly enough in a tired, low, intense voice.

" ' I must talk to some one, Mr. Means,' she said. ' I have so much to tell, and there is no one else to whom I can talk.'

" I nodded, told her: ' I regret very much the unpleasant . . . .'

SHE smiled wearily before interrupting me:

" ' You think that scene was unpleasant. You should have seen what I have gone through since then.

" ' I've tried to point out to him what all of this is leading to. I've told him, over and over, that he's being betrayed daily by men he believes to be his friends—that they're holding that girl's claim over his head while they conspire, steal, lay their greedy hands upon graft.'

" She shook her head.

" ' It's useless. Other men, trustworthy men, have come to him. They've told him they can produce absolute proof that many of those closest to him are traitors. He only shakes his head and turns away. He says: " Even if these proofs exist, I don't want to see them. I don't want to believe such horrible things of men who are my own friends." There's nothing to do.

HARRY DAUGHERTY

" ' He senses these things. They make him miserable. But he will do nothing about them. We had a terrible row the other day. I tried to open his eyes. I told him frankly:

" ' Warren, it's coming. You're going to be impeached.'

" ' I've never seen him look so miserable. He went white, and then his face flushed and he hit a table with his fist.

" ' " Let it come, damn it, let it come. God! It'll be good to have the whole thing done and over with. Let them impeach. I'll be glad to have it over with. Glad—do you understand? "

" ' He was pacing the floor like a madman. In all the years we've been together I've never seen him carry on that way.

" ' " Warren," I asked him, " are you crazy? "

" ' He wheeled on me. His face was crimson.

" ' " I wish I were! " he shouted. " But let them impeach. I've suffered more since I've been in the White House than I've ever suffered in my life. I'd like to turn the key in the lock of this damned prison and never set foot inside it again. They can impeach me. And when they do, I'll clear out—with my child. I'll live like a human being again."

" ' He said a lot more, but I didn't hear any of it. All I could think of was that he planned to run away, to desert me. Me! His wife for thirty-three years. He wanted to clear out—with that woman and her child.

" ' In that moment I knew that I hated him.'

" She paused for a long moment after saying that. She had said it quietly. No dramatics. No raising of her voice. Just a quiet statement of fact, Mrs. Thacker. She hated her husband. That hatred slumbered in her listless eyes. I believed her. She'd been scorned—and she liked it no better than any other woman.

" I wondered where this whole situation was heading. There was only one way to find out: to keep still, to let her do the talking. And pretty soon she began talking again in that tense quiet voice of hers:

" ' I have been ill since I saw you last. I've prayed—you'll never know how often—for death. This triangle must be broken, and the death of one of us is the only way, as I see it, that it can be broken.

" ' But it was not to be—my dying. It is not in the stars. I have found that out. The stars have decreed that it is my husband who will die before I do.'

" Again she paused as we sat there in the garden of her friend's home. I was not surprised that she was still taking her problems to a soothsayer. She'd obtained consolation from no other source.

" ' They thought, when I was ill,' she continued dully, ' that I would die. But the stars have decreed differently.'

" She looked up at me, and the eyes that had gone listless were, for a moment, blazing wild defiance.

" ' Everything that the stars have decreed has come to pass. Destiny is in my hands. My hands put Warren Harding where he is. He may, in his weakness, be willing to submit, to be impeached, to face disgrace.

" ' But I'll not let that happen. I am not going to die. He is the one who deserves to die.'

" Her voice rose in a shrill surge of fury.

" ' He thinks he can discard his obligations and discard me. He thinks he can bring the vilest disgrace tumbling down upon him—and me—and crawl out from the wreckage to go far away with his child and that Britton woman.

" ' Oh, no! '

SHE was standing, now, her fingers lacing and interlacing wretchedly. She swayed on her feet and I thought she might fall where she was standing. I rose from my seat, but she guessed my alarm and waved me back.

" ' Please sit down, Mr. Means,' she said, and her voice and emotions were once more under control. ' I am quite all right, thank you.

" ' I am determined that, from this moment on, Warren shall be entirely under my control. That—and that alone—is the reason that the trip to Alaska has been planned.

" ' Make no mistake about it. There is no length to which I will not go. General Sawyer and I have discussed it often. He is squarely behind me. Warren Harding stands closer to disgrace than he has ever stood in his life. But that disgrace shall never touch him. I shall fulfill his destiny.'

" Again she was silent; and again I pondered her words. She had been talking in circles and none of it was very clear. Out of all her speech I gathered little that made sense. But I felt strangely ill at ease. A two-fold impression remained with me.

" Florence Harding was a very determined woman that day. Warren Harding, I felt—though I could not have justified the thought rationally—was a man to be pitied.

" She extended her hand, indicating that our talk was at an end; and as I took it she said:

" ' Mr. Means, whatever news may come to you—either here in Washington, or from us during the trip to Alaska—remember this: I shall look upon you as both friend and protector. Do you understand? Will you stand by me? '

" I didn't understand. I nodded solemnly and said, ' Of course,' and after I had left her I wondered, anxiously, what mad scheme was in her angry mind this time.

" On the night of August 2 a friend came to my home in Sixteenth Street.

" ' President Harding is dead.'

" I didn't—couldn't—believe it. I tried to get in touch by telephone with a friend on a news service. The line was busy; I couldn't reach him. Five days before, there had been a report that the President had suffered a serious attack of illness. It had been diagnosed as ptomaine poisoning.

" I was so busy with my own surprised musings that I scarcely listened to my friend as he told me of receiving the shocking report. For my mind had gone back to that last talk with Mrs. Harding and the strange things (all so vague and meaningless then) that she had told me.

" Suddenly Julie burst into the office, white and excited.

" ' Bud,' she said, ' they're crying extras in the streets. The President is dead! '

" So it was true. I hurried outside, bought a paper.

STRANDED
UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...
GAIL! HOW ARE YOU?
I'M BROKE, SUE --STRANDED! I HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE THEY FIRED ME AND GAVE YOU MY JOB!
GAIL, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED. AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF --WELL ...WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
YOUR DENTIST! WHY...ALL RIGHT...
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH.
I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
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ONE MONTH LATER--THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE--IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE A RAISE!
THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

The bulletin was meager, gave few details. He had died in San Francisco. His death—at fifty-eight—had been sudden, unexpected. Later bulletins were to blame his death variously on pneumonia, on an apoplectic stroke. I asked my friend:

"'Isn't there some one in San Francisco who can give you the inside on this?'

"He nodded. He went to a telegraph office, where he sent a wire. The answer was prompt—and brief. It read:

"'Circumstances of President Harding's death appear shrouded in mystery.'

"I still felt shocked to the very core of my being. Mrs. Harding and her stars had been right. Warren Harding had died first. She had seen fulfilled the astrologer's prediction that she would be a 'child of destiny.' But, I asked myself, at what grim price?

"Within half an hour after the arrival of the funeral train in Washington, I was summoned to the home of Mrs. Harding's friend.

"In the dining room of that house I talked with Mrs. Harding—alone. She waved aside condolences. Her face, old and white and lined, wore no expression. Her hands were restless in her lap, but there was nothing else about her that might be confused with emotion. Her eyes were cool and matched only by her voice in bitter hardness.

"'I have no regrets, Mr. Means,' she said. 'But I do need your advice.'

"'What happened?'

"'I was alone with the President. Only about ten minutes. It was time for his medicine. I gave it to him. He drank it. He lay on the pillows for a moment. His eyes were closed.

"'Suddenly he opened them. Wide. He moved his head. I was standing at the bed beside him. He looked straight into my face.'

"'Mrs. Harding, do you think . . . do you think he knew?'

"'Yes, he knew. He sighed. He turned his head away.' She shrugged. 'You've read the rest in the newspapers.' She leaned forward eagerly. 'Those newspaper accounts. Do you think they were clear, convincing?'

"I shook my head.

"'To whom does his body belong?'

"'To you.'

"'Can I prevent an autopsy?'

"'Yes.'

"'But how,' she insisted, 'will I know that they won't perform an autopsy without saying anything to me?'

"'That's easy. Place a guard on the body.'

"'I have no other friend to turn to. Will you handle that for me?'

"'Yes.'

"'Thank you. I know that you understand. I have not betrayed my country or my husband's party. They are saved. I have fulfilled my destiny and I have no regrets.'

AND so I performed my last service for Florence Harding. Her husband had banished me from the White House, forbidden me to step inside again. And I didn't—while he was alive.

"In death, his order was forgotten, unenforced. I stood there, at the head of the great casket in which he lay. Four of my own men were behind me, half concealed by the great banks of flowers in the East Room. Warren Harding in death looked far more placid, content, than he had in those last miserable weeks of his unhappy life."

As Gaston Means halted, for a moment, his macabre story, I asked a question:

"Did you ever see Mrs. Harding again?"

"Once after that," he said. "But, before I did have my last talk with her, I was crossing the lobby of a hotel in Washington just after the funeral. I heard some one call my name.

"It was General Sawyer, the personal physician of President and Mrs. Harding. He had been with them at the White House and with them on the trip to Alaska.

"He was a scrawny-necked little fellow with deep crow's-feet and a goat's beard. He had big ears, wore heavy, rimmed glasses, and looked somewhat ludicrous in the uniform he customarily wore. But he was a rather pathetic little chap, and this day he wanted to talk to me. He was nervous. He did quite a bit of digging. It all led to the same place: Did I think people were suspicious? I told him I didn't think so.

"'I'm glad to hear that,' he said. 'I feel pretty bad about this thing. I guess I'll never get over it.'

"'I guess you won't,' I agreed.

"'Of course I had no active part in it. None at all. I believe he himself would have chosen that way out. Impeachment, you know.'

"I nodded.

"'Just how did it happen?'

"'We sent the guard away. Then we told the nurses to go to their rooms to rest. The President was feeling much better. Then I went out for a walk. She was alone with him. I didn't get far away. The newspapermen saw me downstairs. They knew I was not in the room. And then I got word to come back.'

HOW about Vancouver—where he was stricken with ptomaine poisoning?'

"'Things didn't go so well there at all. I thought it best to leave. He didn't care whether he lived any longer or not.'

"We talked for many minutes more, this grizzled little physician and I. I remember his last words to me:

"'There are a lot of things in this world, Mr. Means, that are worse than death.'

"Upon Mrs. Harding's return from Marion, where the President had been buried, I saw her in the rear grounds of the White House.

"'It seems like a hideous dream now. All of it.'

"I nodded and told her that I had spoken to General Sawyer.

"'Then you know everything.'

"'Yes.'

"'Did he tell you about Vancouver?'

"I nodded again.

"'That very nearly was fatal. It passed. But destiny had decreed. I still have no regrets.'

"I never saw Mrs. Harding or General Sawyer again. About a year after President Harding's death, I read that Brigadier General Charles E. Sawyer had died suddenly in his sleep at a farm on the outskirts of Marion, Ohio. Mrs. Harding was at the farm when he was found dead. Cause of death was said to be cerebral hemorrhage.

"Within two months Mrs. Harding died suddenly at her home in Marion."

Gaston Means paused to look at me significantly.

"There were plenty of others, Mrs. Thacker. All of them connected with the corrupt Harding administration. Nine of them, in all. And, from Jess Smith to the President himself, they all died sudden, unexpected deaths."

Gaston Means, when he gave me the story, listed those who had, according to his claim, died suddenly. I checked newspaper files. They were all there. Though a variety of causes were given, every person mentioned by Means had actually died an unexpected death.

The story of Nan Britton and her love for a President had been an amazing thing. The story of the President's strange death was even more astounding. Gaston Means

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Of all the lessons contained in this remarkable story, perhaps the one that appealed most to Thatcher Colt, New York's great fictional police commissioner, is the way crooks follow the flag of opportunity.

Big crooks, I mean. What made Gaston Means a standout in his detestable line? The same quality that makes a great publicist, a great editor, a great showman: the ability to recognize and exploit the big events of current history.

We go to war: Means takes up espionage. We go dry: Means sells protection to bootleggers. We have scandalous doings in high administrative circles: Means plays both ends for gain. We have a Communism scare: Means sells himself as a professional Red-baiter.

There's a warning in all this, Colt feels, for law-enforcement officers everywhere and for the innocent bystanders. When big news breaks, look out for the crooks. They may be headed your way.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

told it convincingly, offered to produce proof.

"It is a story that America should hear," he explained. "The most tragic unpublished chapter in the history of the nation."

And so I helped Gaston Means write the story of how withered, ambitious Florence Harding, harassed by the illicit love of her husband for a younger woman and by the impeachment rumors that were threatening destruction and disgrace, calmly poisoned him to death to save him.

I wrote the story in entire good faith; attempted to document it throughout. Much of my source material was sworn testimony given before a Senate committee during the investigation of Harry Daugherty. Gaston Means, testifying under oath, had been one of the ace witnesses against Daugherty.

Means promised to initial every page of the manuscript, to furnish documentary evidence of having been retained as an investigator for Mrs. Harding, and, in addition to that, promised senatorial endorsement of his book.

When he had come to me with the story that became the book, The Strange Death of President Harding, he had been out of Atlanta Penitentiary only three days. That had been in August of 1928. But he had been so candid concerning his own spotty past, so apparently sincere in his desire to vindicate his own name, to clear himself for his family, that I did not long hold distrust in my heart because of his imprisonment.

At the time we were busy collaborating on the book, he was working, he said, for the National Republican Campaign Committee. Later, when I was writing it, he was quite busy with other investigations. I respected the fact that he was extremely busy and did not press him unreasonably for the documentary proof that he had promised would be forthcoming.

Finally, however, the book was completed, and I sought him out to obtain those things he had promised. And then I received a shock.

Gaston Means had vanished.

I FINALLY located him, by telegraph, in Saskatchewan, Canada, where he was so busy on an involved investigation, he said, that he could not return then to New York.

The publishers believed in the book—as did I—and, after consulting their lawyers, went ahead.

Not long after it was published, Gaston Means strode into the office of the publishers. He was dressed in flashy expensive tweeds and exuded an aura of affluence. He confided in me that he was—had been for more than a year—engaged in a colossal secret investigation of Communism in the United States for a patriotic organization known as the National Civic Federation. It was headed by Mr. Ralph Easley and, according to later newspaper reports during that period of Red-baiting, the Federation's financial sponsor was Mrs. Fin-

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(Continued in an early issue)

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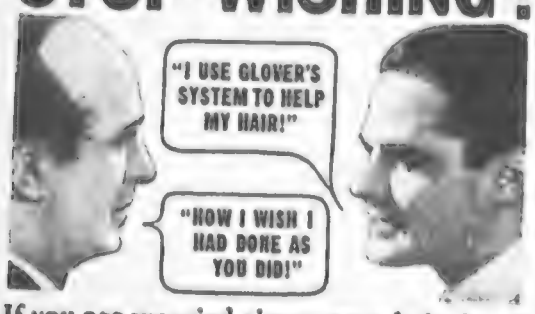

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ley J. Shepard, $85,000,000 daughter of the late Jay Gould. Means said that he was being paid five hundred dollars a week and expenses—and showed me a check in proof.

He was quite apologetic over his failure to produce promised proof for The Strange Death of President Harding.

"I simply didn't have time to dig out that stuff," he explained. "And about my initialing the manuscript—well, it completely slipped my mind."

"How about the senatorial endorsements?" I asked.

"Yes, I know. I should have done that. But"—he patted my shoulder—"that book of mine doesn't need the endorsement of any senators. No one's going to challenge it. You'll see. My book will stand on its own legs."

But The Strange Death of President Harding did not stand on its own legs. Day by day, it began to totter. Proof after proof was laid before me to indicate the book was a fraud. And then the final blow fell.

My brother sent me a copy of a long affidavit. That affidavit branded as perjury, as "a tissue of lies," the sworn testimony Gaston Means had given in the Senate investigation of Harry Daugherty. And it was on that sworn testimony, furnished me by Means, that much of The Strange Death of President Harding had been based. The affidavit, proving that testimony a fraud, I had never seen before. I didn't know of its existence.

But the very date upon it showed it had been made shortly *after* the Senate investigation and long *before* the writing of the book.

It had been made, that affidavit, by Gaston Means himself.

That I had been brutally tricked was clear enough. But was the book, in its entirety, a hoax? I tried to tell myself that it wasn't. I tried to convince myself that much of that book, told me so convincingly, with such scrupulous attention to detail, by Gaston Means, might have been true.

After all, there were in the book many episodes, many incidents, that had not been challenged; had not been disproved. His Nan Britton investigation, for one, had never been wholly discredited by any one.

AND so—frankly eager to salvage some part of my shattered belief that there might yet be significant truth in the book despite the established falsity of much of it—I sought out Gaston Means.

He and Julie were living—and well—in a beautifully furnished home that reflected Julie's exquisite, if expensive, taste. They had servants and a car and a chauffeur. They seemed genuinely glad to see me and very, very cordial. We had not been talking long when I blurted out what was in my mind:

"Was there any truth in the story you told me of your investigation of the Nan Britton affair?"

Means grinned at me broadly over a glass of whisky.

"Naw," he admitted.

"What!" Perhaps I shouldn't have been astounded by his bland admission; but I was. I floundered on hopelessly: "But you said you trailed her."

He poured another drink, and his eyes and voice gloated as he recalled that deception.

"Hell," he observed, "I never saw Nan Britton or her kid in my life until after my book was published."

I must have looked as foolish as I felt in that moment. Across the room, Julie, a highball at her side, stared at me. I wondered bitterly if Julie knew, too.

"It didn't make any difference to you, then, that we were maligning the dead. I think that's one of the most contemptible . . ."

"Oh, you would," interrupted Means. "We differ. I don't think Mr. and Mrs. Harding, in their graves, gave a tinker's damn what was said about them."

GASTON MEANS, still grinning, continued.

"If you want to know," he said, "what I really think of the Nan Britton business, it's this: She never was his mistress, and she never had a child by President Harding.

"Harding had money and he was crazy about children. Don't you think he would have provided for that child, if it had been his? Nan Britton, in her book, said that Harding never saw the child. Nan made a bad slip there. Rotten psychology. That's not human nature—not for a fellow like Warren Harding.

"He was a fine and affectionate man. He didn't have a child by his own wife. If he'd had one by Nan, nothing on earth could have kept him from seeing it.

"I doubt if Nan Britton ever had a child. Everybody I know says the child looks strikingly like her sister's child."

"Then," I said, a little desperately, "the Nan Britton episodes were lies, made out of whole cloth . . ."

He shook his head.

"Far from whole cloth," he corrected. "There was nothing whole about it. Nan Britton, in her book, The President's Daughter, gave me my cloth for my yarn. But her book was full of holes. Anybody could have torn it to pieces. I've just pointed out one of its weak spots."

Bitterly—and still a trifle hopefully—I asked:

"Was there any truth anywhere at all in the book I wrote for you?"

He chuckled aloud, and Julie, across the room, joined in.

"If there was," he answered finally, "I haven't been able to find it." His pudgy face relaxed into a crooked smile. "But you've got to admit it made a damn good story."

I let him gloat. My anger no longer stirred. Why should I waste anger on this callous trickster? I felt heartsick. I'd been a fool. His "good" story I had not only believed but helped write. I had besmirched the memory of a dead President and his

wife in conscientiously endeavoring to tell what Means had described to me as the "most tragic chapter in American history."

He could sit back now, smirking, proud of having accomplished another ingenious hoax.

And I? That book did my husband and myself irreparable harm. It would have completely ruined us—and our careers—had not the fine people of the South known me well enough, for years, to realize that my role had been that of unwitting victim.

These things, however, did not concern the callous Means. His only expressed reaction to the entire thing was given to a G-man several months ago. He relayed it to me.

"That poor woman, Mrs. Thacker," Means had said. "I took her on so many rides, it was really pitiful. I chased her around so many rosebushes, she hasn't caught her breath yet, I reckon. Got a big kick out of it."

He was getting a big kick out of telling me, that afternoon, how completely he had betrayed me. But I was too numb and disappointed to feel, then, the full sting of his ugly jubilation. I was heartsick and mortified.

I knew that my humiliation would always be with me; for, to perform a clear and necessary duty, The Strange Death of President Harding—and Gaston Means—were publicly repudiated by me in Liberty.

Not long after that visit, I learned Gaston Means was getting low in funds again. His profitable assignment that took him from Canada to Mexico, hot on the hunt for Communists he never caught, had run out. He was at a loose end once more.

But not for long. Fate, amazingly, was to rectify that. In the offing was a catastrophe rigged to stun the entire civilized world.

Remember this of Gaston Means: He had an uncanny knack of turning to his own financial welfare every event of public importance.

He would have made—had there been a spark of honesty in him—a splendid newspaper editor. He had an instinctive sense for big news.

OUT of the headlines of newspapers he constructed the whole fabulous structure of his unscrupulous career. About every big news event he pretended to know inside details.

Reviewing a few of the national and international events with which Means profitably associated himself:

The World War: He did "espionage" work.

Prohibition: He sold "protection" to bootleggers following his dismissal from the Department of Justice.

The Harding administration scandals: He "exposed" its corruption before a Senate investigating committee.

Nan Britton: He "investigated" and "shadowed" her; wrote and sold the story of his alleged investigation of her alleged romance with a President.

Communism: He "trailed" Reds for nearly two years—at five hundred dollars a week and expenses.

When we recall these things, it becomes at once obvious that Means, grasping, wily, and ingenious, should have inevitably capitalized on the greatest news story and the most horrible tragedy of a decade.

A matchless combination, that—the greatest faker of the twentieth century cashing in upon the greatest crime of the twentieth century.

Months after that frightful tragedy, Julie Means told me of when and how her husband first saw it as an unparalleled opportunity to line his pockets with easy money.

Here, for the first time, is how it happened.

It was the blustery early morning of March 2, 1932.

JULIE, sleepily washing her face, was standing in a bathroom of the Means home in Chevy Chase. Gaston padded downstairs, in his pajamas, to get the morning paper.

Suddenly Julie heard him puffing, racing back upstairs in uncommon haste, two steps at a time. She heard him stop, grunting and cursing, to retrieve a lost slipper. Then he was in the doorway of the bathroom, the unrolled newspaper in his hands.

Julie looked at him curiously. The hands that held the newspaper were trembling. His face was alive, his eyes wide with excitement. His emotion was so genuine that it gave Julie a start.

"What is it, Bud?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

"My God!" he wheezed throatily. "The Lindbergh baby's been kidnaped!"

Julie, incredibly shocked, was about to make some sympathetic comment. But suddenly, as she looked at her husband, the words died on her lips and her black flashing eyes went wide.

Gone was the excitement in Gaston Means' face. His pudgy countenance had become singularly placid. His mouth twisted slightly as a dimpled crooked smile appeared. His eyelids drooped, failed to screen entirely green eyes that were cold and bright, hard and calculating. He stared unseeingly at her and beyond her, and the newspaper no longer trembled in his fat fingers.

Behind those cool green eyes, a clever, diabolical mind swiftly invented . . . discarded . . . invented.

Julie, describing that moment to me months later, said:

"I knew it. I knew it at that very moment. Bud was plotting, scheming—right then and there.

"He was planning how he could get into the Lindbergh case."

And what a black and shameless scheme was conceived by archcriminal Means! The master stroke of a career of intrigue and deceit! A plan that fooled some of the nation's keenest minds—also proved to be the trap that was to land Means in prison! Full details in Liberty next week.

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Whitewashed Lady

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES LA SALLE

AT the death of her gambler-father, Diana Kildare, nineteen, sets out to achieve her ambition to become a lady. Under the name of Diana Fenmore, she enters a fashionable school in the effort to put behind her forever the days when she was hostess on her father's gambling ship, and to escape Guido Ferrone, the ruthless and oily gambler-racketeer who is in love with her.

Chief among her reasons for wanting to make a new life for herself is her love for Dick Norton, a wealthy young man. Striking up a friendship with Elsie, Dick's sister, who is a pupil at Miss Hunter's School, Diana is invited to the Norton home. There Steven Norton, Dick's father, confides that he is worried about the strange company his son keeps. A sample of this company arrives in the person of Spike Gillis, henchman of Pete Galeffi, gambler and gangster. Elsie assumes that Spike is an extra man Dick has invited and asks him to dinner and to her cousin Sally's dance. Diana is horrified at seeing Spike, both because she fears he will reveal her true identity and because she realizes that his presence means that Dick is mixed up with the Galeffi mob.

Sally's party disillusions Diana about society. It turns out to be a brawl, with drunken chaperons and promiscuous necking. Stoopy, an inebriated youth, tries to make love to her in Dick's car. Dick knocks him down, then, telling Diana that she can have the stuffed-shirt world of society if she wants it, but that he prefers Galeffi's world, where people aren't so phony, he leaves her to go to Galeffi's club.

Disappointed and furious, Diana goes back to Sally's house. Spike Gillis is waiting for her and threatens to tell who she really is unless she helps him escape from the police, who are after him for a gang murder.

"I'm going to hide in the rumble of Dick's car," Spike tells her. "After the police leave, you get in and drive to Pete Galeffi's. That will make us square. But if you squeal, I'll get you in so deep you'll never get out."

As the front door opens to the police, Diana remembers that Stoopy is still a snoring heap on the floor of Dick's car in which Spike expects to make his getaway!

PART FIVE—THE ROAD TO DEATH

THERE were four men; probably, Diana thought mechanically, the entire Rivington police force. The policeman with the white beard who stomped in first she recognized as Old Bill Jenkins, the town's patriarch cop who was generally directing traffic in the Rivington town square and called those Miss Hunter's School girls who lived in the town by their first names. He glared at her importantly, and said: "Where's Sally's ma?"

Can a girl escape her past? — Now, in this vivid novel, strange adventures befall a lovely fugitive who tried it

"She—she isn't at home tonight," Diana answered.

"Well, then," said Old Bill, "who's in charge of this party?"

She thought of the chaperons, Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle, brawling drunkenly in the butler's pantry, and said faintly: "I suppose Sally is."

"Well," said Old Bill, "we ain't got a search warrant, so you better go in an' tell her to come out here for a little friendly chat." He turned and squinted at the blue uniforms filling up the door behind him. "Now, what did I tell you boys," he said, "'bout staying outside in a sort of a fan-shaped wedge, so if the criminal attempts a flight?"

But the three other policemen, having seen Diana, were disposed to linger, looking very much as the young men of the party had looked when she had first burst into their vision.

"Aw now, Bill," said one of them, "if it's all just a joke, we'd sort of hate to be spread out in a fan-shaped wedge when the party begins to laugh."

"What's all just a joke?" said Diana in a high voice.

It seemed impossible that they could not see how her heart was throbbing under her thin dress. She was trying to visualize where Spike Gillis would be now in his circling of the firs that lined the driveway. And supposing when he reached the car that Stoopy would come to and call out. Terrible to be in such a net that one had to wish Spike Gillis safe.

Old Bill was looking at her without the fatuous interest displayed by the other three. "Never you mind what it is, young lady," he said. "Just you trot in there an'—"

An ecstatic squeal interrupted him: "Bill! What do you *mean?* Are we being *raided?*"

It was Sally herself who, with a young man, had charged out from behind the palms that separated the hall from the dance floor, it evidently being her turn to disappear in the going-to-Jerusalem game.

"Don't yell so, Sally," Old Bill said haughtily. "If it is a joke to call us away from a friendly little game we were having down to the station, and if we find out who it was called us, we can jail him for contempt of court or something. But if it isn't a joke, you are harboring a criminal who is wanted for a murder that was in tonight's papers, even if it was only a gang killing on one of the back pages. Is there a man here tonight who has a broken nose an' calls himself Gillis?"

Sally came slowly nearer to Old Bill, her button eyes popping, her young man following with an expression of chinless surprise. "Yes—there is!" she said. "What—how—why?"

The bluecoats around the door snapped to attention. It was clear that until now they had not believed the story. Two of them disappeared outside at once, obviously to take up the guard they had not considered worth while before; a little late, Diana thought, over that breathless pounding of her heart.

She could see, now, what must have happened. Spike could not have lost his pursuers as he had supposed. The Moran mob must have run Spike to earth at Dick's house.

"Diana—darling—" said Dick, and lifted her out of the car. "What has happened?"

and from somewhere near watched Spike leave for the dance with Elsie as a perfect rotund screen against gunfire. They had telephoned Old Bill not because they wanted Gillis to be arrested but to force him away from the dance, out into the open.

All this Spike must have realized in the split second when he saw the police car coming up the drive. She had wondered why he'd chosen to hide rather than take one of the cars for a getaway. She saw now. He was going to do that later—in the back of the rumble, with her as his protection.

She clamped her underlip over the upper to hide the fact that her teeth were chattering. Sally was telling Old Bill that Gillis had not been on the dance floor for some time. "I thought he was out here," she said, fixing a disagreeable stare upon Diana. Diana shook her head. They'd have to search the house, Old Bill said. At this, Sally evinced her first signs of disquietude. As well she might, Diana thought grimly, remembering the scenes she had interrupted in several rooms.

A few more boys had straggled out into the hall by now, and offered to help in the search. Making a swift division of detail, Old Bill and his fellow policeman stalked off, leaving Diana and Sally alone in the hall.

"If he sees what's going on in some of those rooms," said Diana, "he might make some arrests he hasn't planned on."

"That's a good line," said Sally—"to pretend to be shocked by our little party after bringing a man like that here tonight."

FOLKS say elephants have long memories. I don't know. But I do know that *boys and girls have!* Boys and girls expect you to keep your promises and when you're selling to boys and girls you've got to keep your promises to *keep their business.*

When I first told boys and girls about Fleer's Dubble Bubble Chewing Gum, I told them it was better gum and more of it for the money. They took my word and tried it—and after they tried it they agreed that I had made good on my promise.

Year in and year out I never forget to give boys and girls full value for their pennies ...and boys and girls never forget to ask for Fleer's Dubble Bubble Gum.

Sincerely,

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Makers of fine chewing gum for 30 years
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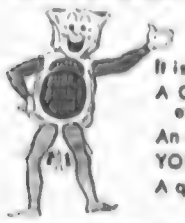

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"What?" gasped Diana, astonished.

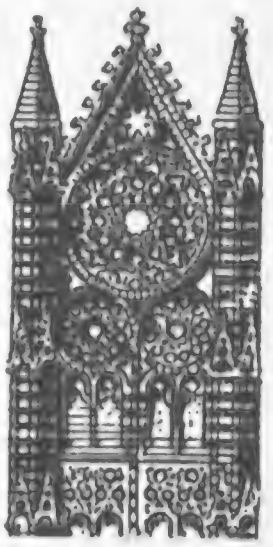
"I suppose you're going to try to put it off on Dick," said Sally, "and say this murderer was Dick's friend and you never saw him before Dick brought him for Elsie. Well, I happen to have been looking out the window from the dance room a few minutes back. I saw you meet this man Gillis in a secret tryst outside and come in the front door with him. You didn't look as though you'd just met him tonight."

so shocked Diana, since his regret at not finding Gillis was hardly mentioned as he came down the stairs, for his shouts about how you might think this was Sodom and Gomorrah instead of Rivington, Connecticut.

"What's the world coming to?" he bellowed. "When I think how I used to wipe you kids' noses, allowing you might grow up some day and wouldn't have to keep on having the same done for you forevermore!"

"Is this going to be a lecture on

'TISN'T SO by R. E. Doan



GOTHIC architecture did not originate with the Goths. The term came into general use to designate the medieval architecture of northern and western Europe of the period from about 1150 to 1500. It was applied by Renaissance writers as a term of contempt, implying "barbarous," because this type of architecture differed from the styles favored at that time. Despite its misleading effect, the term became too firmly fixed to be changed.

RATS are not adult mice. Although related to the mouse, the rat is a separate species of the rodent family, which includes both.

TULIPS are not native to Holland. They were introduced into Holland from Asia in the sixteenth century, and their cultivation became a craze there in the seventeenth century.

For a moment Diana was indifferent to this accusation in the terror of realizing what the swift-moving events had given her no time to see before. Dick. Of course. Soon Old Bill would be back and he would want to know who had brought Spike Gillis here. And, to judge by the conversation she had overheard in Dick's and Spike's talk on the Norton veranda, Dick was not in a place where he could stand investigation.

Ironical that Sally, of all people, should have pointed the way for her to meet this.

THE couples that remained inside on the dance floor had got wind of the search and were spilling out into the hall with goopish awestruck expressions on their faces. Elsie was the most goopish-looking, so dazed by the news that, fortunately, up to now she had not been able to speak. Diana drew her aside.

"Listen, Elsie," she said. "They mustn't know that Spike Gillis was Dick's friend, see? You keep still and let me talk!"

"Oh, Diana," Elsie moaned, "when I think I brought it all on us by wanting an extra man!"

"Shut up," Diana told her. "Old Bill's coming down the stairs."

The other policeman was also arriving from the dining room with Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle and their young men, all of whom were looking abruptly sobered, with the exception of the staggering whisky stain on the front of Mrs. Riddle's dress. Old Bill in his search had evidently been treated to some of the sights that had

morals," said Sally, "or are you going to put your mind on your own business and find out how a criminal like this man got to my party in the first place?"

Old Bill glared at Sally. "I'm comin' to that! Nobody's goin' to leave here till I get at the bottom of this. Who brought that man here?"

There was a pause, and the titters which had been exploding every time Old Bill spoke subsided. Diana stepped forward and spoke clearly.

"I did," she said.

There was another pause. An electric one now. A boy spoke uncertainly. "You're kidding," he said. "You came in here alone. We all saw you."

"He came in right after me," she said, "with Dick and Elsie. Only I'd started dancing by then."

"You bet you had," said another boy. "Let's dance some more. This is a lot of horseflies."

But her knight-errant, who was a little drunk, was hushed by people on each side of him. The boys were looking at her uneasily, and the girls in a gloating kind of horror. She hadn't known it would be like this. But she had to go on now. Another boy was asking where Dick was.

"He left some time ago," she said, and looked at Sally for a moment of covert triumph that she was not quite too frightened to feel. "He said he—was bored," she explained, and grinned sweetly at the changing colors in Sally's face. Then she looked back at Old Bill. "I guess he didn't like Mr. Gillis or—or much else about this party," she said.

"Never mind 'bout guessing," said Old Bill. "How did you meet a man like Gillis in the first place, and how come you brought him here?"

She lifted her chin and spoke swiftly, hurling her words into the horrified faces around her: "I had to have a man for the dance and I didn't know any. Elsie invited me home and we thought we'd both have to go with Dick. But late this afternoon I went for a walk out on the main highway a little way from Elsie's house, and—and this car came by with a man in it all done up in evening clothes—just like a package all wrapped up and ready to deliver!"

"Oh!" said Old Bill. "You mean you—you picked him up?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well—" she said. "Looks like he picked me—as it turns out, doesn't it? So I took him back to the Nortons' and told Elsie it was somebody I used to know, and we had dinner and came here!"

The silence of fascinated horror around her was beginning to shiver and break up into little whispers. "Imagine—" "Did you ever hear anything so grim in your whole life—" "Well, I've heard of going out into the highways and byways to find a man, but never actually seen it *done* before!"

ELSIE was crying messily on the shoulder of a girl, who patted her, saying, "There, there, dear—it wasn't *your* fault!" The young men were shifting from one foot to another and muttering among themselves. Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle were drawing frozen expressions up like curtains across their faces as if they were getting ready to pose for the society rotogravure. Sally alone in all this throng stood silent, looking at her with narrowed eyes. Sally did not quite believe her. You had to hand it to an enemy; they generally gave you credit. . . .

"Well!" said Old Bill heavily. "A young girl like you having the brass to stand up there an' tell everybody you picked up a gangster because you needed a man for the dance! Of all the sights I seen since I come here tonight, that takes the cake!"

"Oh," said Diana very deliberately, "so you think that's the worst sight you've seen here tonight? Well—I don't!"

She whirled and confronted the young men who had unconsciously moved together until they stood in a huddle. "I called you sheep when I first came in here!" she cried. "I meant it then; you've proved it now!" Swiftly she turned to the girls who, under the snooty leadership of Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Riddle, were starting to mill around, to walk out upon the vulgar scene; but stopped, unwillingly petrified by the blazing look she bent upon them. "And you!" she cried. "People like you that I've always looked up to—that I thought I was going to learn so many things from! Well, I've learned all right—enough

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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

to go back to where I belong! It's your world—all yours, and I don't want none of it—'our best society,' where the people are one inch high!"

Raking the hall with her eyes, she saw her gold coat which had been draped over the banisters by a devoted youth not long ago tonight, when the stags who were really sheep had not wanted to wait for her to go upstairs and leave her things before dragging her in to the dance floor. She ran and got her coat. Nobody helped her. As she went to the door with it, Elsie, sobbing wildly, broke away from her consoler and dashed after her. With her free arm, the other struggling to put on the gold coat, Diana waved her back.

"No, Elsie—you can't come with me! You've got to stay in this world of 'our best people'—but, thank God, I haven't!"

She stopped for a moment, with her hand on the knob of the door. "I forgot," she sweetly told the group of hostile faces. "Stoopy has passed out on the floor of my car. Will somebody come out and get him?"

Outside, the other two policemen were still posed over the lawn in what they imagined to be their fan-shaped wedge. They joined Diana and the two silent embarrassed young men who had volunteered to pluck Stoopy from his resting place. She avoided looking at the closed rumble or the perilous nearness of the two policemen as she got into Dick's car.

To the boy who came running out at the filling station she said, "Can you tell me the way to Pete Galeffi's?"

"You can't miss it," said the boy. "You take the Post Road for about two miles, an' it's a big white farmhouse with black shutters on the top of a hill with a tall white stone fence an' gate down to the rud."

AS she started off again he called after her: "Hey, lady, there's a scarf or somethin' stickin' outa your rumble!"

She stepped on the gas and shot away while the perspiration came out on her upper lip. What did he mean? She dared not stop to see—not until she reached the doubtful sanctuary of Galeffi's, where she might not be in quite such a spot as she would be now if she opened that rumble and found a dead man inside.

For that was what it could be, and there had been time before those two idiot policemen came out to spread their wedge. Or else how would Spike Gillis, if he was alive, allow anything to protrude from his hiding place?

The moonlit road was rocking in front of her and she dared not drive fast. She thought there was a car following but could not be sure, because cars kept passing. She was at such a point she actually wished she could be sure that she was being followed; at least that would mean that the Morans had not got Spike Gillis yet.

She was so numb she could hardly feel relief when at last she saw a big white farmhouse on top of a hill and, slowing, went around a curve to meet a sign that said, "Galeffi's" in black letters, hanging on a white shutter over a closed stone gate that fronted the road with a high stone fence on either side. She tooted her horn, and a loud-speaker from somewhere on the stone gate intoned: "Who wants in?"

She had no time to reflect or choose to say anything except what was in her heart. And so she called back: "Diana Fenmore to see Dick Norton!"

It seemed as if there must be a sound connection between the gate and the farmhouse on the top of the hill. After two minutes of waiting the gate rolled back and a little man stepped forward to peer at her and then went back to his shelter that looked like a dollhouse on the inside of the gate.

TO the top of the hill so slowly that the car almost stalled until she put it in second, but she dared not go faster with the moonlight still rocking in front of her. But when she finally stopped the car in front of the farmhouse, Dick had come out and was waiting on the steps, and her hands fell from the wheel and she put her head down on it and sobbed as she had done only once before in her life—when she cheated Guido at cards in order to make him let her go.

"Diana — darling —" said Dick, and lifted her out of the car, and she clung to him, although he had finished lifting her, while he said again: "Darling, what's the matter? What has happened?" with his lips somewhere in her hair, because she wouldn't let go. And somewhere else a voice said:

"A very pretty picture," and Spike Gillis walked around them, as daintily as if he were a cat coming out of a coalbin.

"I thought you were killed!" she gasped, and pulled herself from Dick's arms.

"Thanks for mourning me," said Spike.

"Oh," said Dick, "is that what you were doing?"

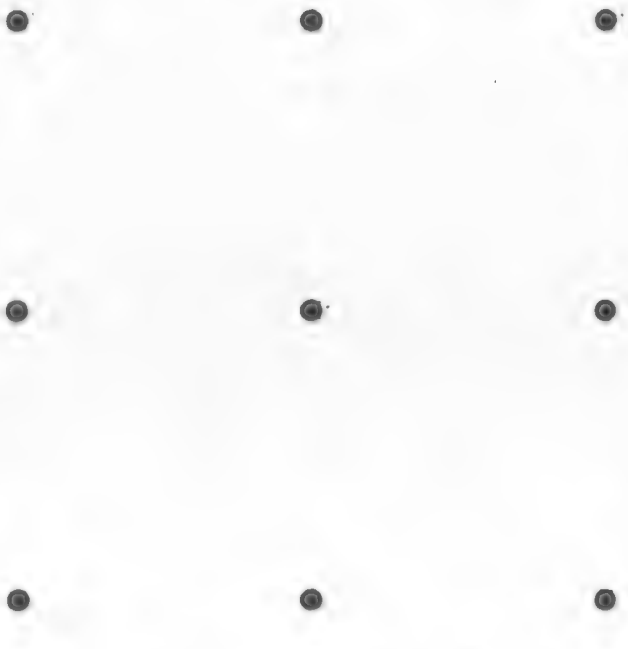
They had parted in anger and were meeting under a different passion. It seemed as if their separation had been long and each little word was now momentous; and so she felt a panic to see him gathering once more about him the defenses which had gone down completely when he saw her so shattered. Frantically she reached out to reassure him, forgetting Spike now that that gentleman was no longer a corpse in a rumble.

"No," she cried; "it wasn't what I was doing! You said I was a phony, and you were right! I don't belong back there. I came away. I told them all to go to hell—but I don't belong here, either, any more! I'm caught in between, and I'm frightened. Don't leave me, Dick, because I love you! I love you because you're caught in between too!"

(Continued on page 48)

NINE TRICKY DOTS

By F. Gregory Hartswick



Above is shown an arrangement of nine dots in a square or rectangle. The arrangement is simple enough; so is the statement of the puzzle, which is this: Start anywhere you like and draw a continuous line which shall pass through all of the dots, making only *three* turnings.

Another way of putting it is to say, "Draw four straight lines which shall pass through all the dots without taking your pencil off the paper." Suppose you started at the lower left-hand corner and drew a line to the upper left-hand corner, and then proceeded diagonally to the lower right-hand corner; you would have made one turning, or two straight lines.

Those are the conditions. Simple, as we said. The solution? Well, possibly just as simple; possibly not. . . . Oh, by the way, no tricks, like using two pencils at once, or folding the paper. This puzzle is strictly on the up-and-up. It can be done.

(The answer will be found on page 49)

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Order it today in the new, handy-to-store Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles . . . in familiar, tall Brown Bottles . . . or in Cap-Sealed Cans. Each brings you Schlitz . . . with added health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D . . . filled and sealed to retain the full brewery flavor and goodness for your health and enjoyment.

In the refrigerators of homes, big and small, you'll find Schlitz Beer —ready and waiting to bring gracious hospitality, good cheer and royal refreshment to any hour or occasion.

[You don't have to cultivate a taste for Schlitz— you like it on first acquaintance and ever after.]

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

"I was run-down—

"... looked pale... lacked a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

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At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

(Continued from page 46)

"What—did you say?" said Dick, standing very still in the moonlight that had stopped rocking. "Did you say—you love me? After I walked out on you—again?"

"I've walked out on myself too!" she cried. "I've left it all. It's just like you said, and I, too, just like you said—a phony for ever wanting it! Only there's nowhere to go from here, Dick, unless you come with me and we can make a place! Because you and I are alike—we can't either of us go back to where we started in the beginning!"

"Listen. Would you two mind coming inside?" said Spike. "Maybe you don't realize it's a pretty good shooting range out here."

Dick discovered Spike's presence with mild surprise, as if for the first time. "Nobody can get through that gate without credentials," he said. "What are you doing back where you started from, with no overcoat and no tie?"

"No tie!" said Spike agonizedly, squinting down at the space between his chin and his boiled shirt.

"Oh, so that's what was sticking out of the rumble!" said Diana. "The filling-station boy said there was something!"

Spike looked relieved. "Then it's still there," he said, and started back to the car, from which they had moved to the doorstep. Dick looked at Diana again. "You told me you loved me," he said. "Didn't you? And you never asked me—if I loved you."

"I never will!" she said, and stood proudly looking at him, and he came nearer to her with the hawk look drained out of his face.

"It—seems impossible to fight any more—doesn't it?" he said, as if he were talking to himself.

And he had taken her in his arms again and it seemed as if fireworks burst around them, because he was kissing her at last.

SHE didn't hear the shooting until after he did and they had shivered apart. She saw the car start away from the line of parked cars that they had thought were empty, before she saw Spike's hand with his white evening tie in it jerk up from behind Dick's car, and Spike fall without a sound except for the echo of the shots from the car that now roared down the hill. As it went around the curve and lost range, Dick ran out to Spike and Diana ran after him. Dick bent over Spike and then quickly straightened up. He took Diana's hand and said: "We're going inside."

The car had evidently got out of that gate somehow, because it was roaring away down the Post Road below them as they came once more to the doorstep and Dick turned the black-painted wooden knob. But the door didn't swing back. They were locked out.

Through the waves of terror that were going over her like great smothering clouds she saw Dick reach toward a panel a little below him on the black-painted door and slide it aside. She could hear him speaking to some one within, but she couldn't hear separate words because of the roaring of that car that kept on in her ears until they were inside, in a brightly lighted hallway with the door shut between them and Spike lying with his white tie still in his hand.

They were alone in this hallway except for a man in a blue serge suit bounded by big feet and a smooth jolly face. The man Dick had called George at the Shalimar was saying:

"Sure, I and Pete saw it all out of his office window. I was just afraid Spike wouldn't be quite accurately rubbed out an' might want to come in here again, see? That's why I bolted the door."

OH," said Dick. His nose and mouth were a straight line as he stared at George, his arm around Diana, who leaned weakly against it. "Oh," he said. "I see. You mean if Spike were only hurt—and needing help—you wouldn't have let him in."

"Cripes, Dick," said George, "it would've been too dangerous! With the Morans in such a sort of a pettish mood as they were, I wouldn't have put it past them to come in and shoot the whole place up, and then where'd we be? Just listen to the trouble we got right now!"

Diana had been hearing a confusion in what seemed to be a big room at the end of a short corridor to the right of the hall. As George paused, a voice could be heard shouting above noises of chattering and chairs pushed back and other agitated sounds.

"Ladees and gentle-mun! We are keeping you in this room only temporarily, to prevent an injurious stampede! If in a few minutes, when you have quieted down and the playing is resumed, you still wish to satisfy yourselves that that was only a simple little backfiring from a motor you heard outside, you may do so! At present these doors are too narrow for you all to pass through at once, so in stationing guards at each exit we are only taking precautions to save your lifes and limbs!"

"That's just till we decide whether to be frank about things or not," said George gloomily. "I've told Pete what I think: the minute you start hiding a stiff there's bound to be trouble. But he said—"

"Diana," said Dick, "this is George McGonigle, who used to be my detail man. Until about five minutes ago."

"There is always somebody who wants me to detail them, if you don't," said George pensively; "so, if you will excuse me, I will be going along now."

There was something strange about this hallway, more than the fact that its cozy low-ceilinged farmhouse lines were bulging in gold Louis Quatorze, with a big rococo mirror hanging over a prayer desk in front of which they stood. It didn't help as she had thought it would to have George withdraw. She had a feeling that they

were being watched somehow, but she had to talk to Dick just the same.

"Listen, Dick!" she gasped. "When the cops came to get Spike at Sally's and he lammed, they wanted to know who brought him there, and I said I did. I said I'd picked him up—because it looked dangerous for you to know Spike like that, and it *still does!*"

It took a moment, staring at her and frowning, before the meaning of the words sank in. Then he grew red.

"You did that—" he said. "For me? Oh, my dear . . ."

"I liked doing it," she said. "It was all a part of telling them to go to hell."

"Oh, my dear Diana," he said again, "we'll have to clear that up at once. I'll have to see Old Bill—and every one who was there. Darling, I've been a fool, but not so big a one that I need you to cover me like that."

"Well," said a voice that Diana had heard a thousand times, "I'm glad you feel that way. Because, with the little time we've all got, it would be too bad to have to persuade you."

The only reason that she did not really faint this time was Dick's arm, which tightened around her as they both looked at the man who had come to the door of the room at the left side of the hall. The man was Guido. Guido jiggling his ruby watch charm and looking at her out of his perpetually surprised brown eyes.

Ignoring Dick, who had certainly never seen him before, "I told you I'd cheat, didn't I?" he said. "But after all, I haven't—much. Of course I kept track of you. But it was really business made me come in here with Galeffi as his kind of silent partner, like I use to be Dan's. As the corpse out there once said, it's better for Guido Ferrone not to play a lone hand."

Suave, ruthless, powerful, will Guido wreck Diana's new-found happiness? The jealous gambler has strong cards up his sleeve. How he plays them is revealed in the next chapter of this gripping novel of a girl's gallant battle for her right to life and love.

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **CONFUCIUS SAID IT FIRST** by Dr. Tehyi Hsieh. Chinese Service Bureau, Boston.

A splendid introductory acquaintance to this profound subject, written in simple, interesting, and breezy language—making available to the English-speaking world this philosophy and wisdom which forms the code of the Chinese gentleman.

★ ★ **IDAHO:** A Guide in Word and Picture. Prepared by the Federal Writers Projects of the Works Progress Administration. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

An exhaustive study of the character, physical aspects, personality, and magnificence of the State of Idaho, illustrated with over one hundred pages of photographs.

★ ★ **YOUNG ROBERT** by George Albee. Reynal & Hitchcock.

A fascinating picture of a boy's life in old San Francisco, including the earthquake seen as a picnic in the Presidio. Death in a labor war ends the promise of a youthful poetic genius.

★ ★ **COAST GUARD TO THE RESCUE** by Karl Baarslag. Farrar & Rinehart.

Salty tales, laced with spindrift and foam, in which brave deeds live again and the epics of a fine federal service are preserved.

★ ★ **THE CASE IS CLOSED** by Patricia Wentworth. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Entertaining and exciting light romance in which a pretty girl untangles dangerous mystery and rescues her relative, sentenced for murder although innocent.

★ **COSTUMES FOR THE DANCE** by Betty Joiner. A. S. Barnes & Co.

A book for both dancing teacher and pupil, illustrated in color by the author, with designs and instructions for making the costume fit the dance.

★ **AWAY FROM IT ALL** by Cedric Belfrage. Simon & Schuster.

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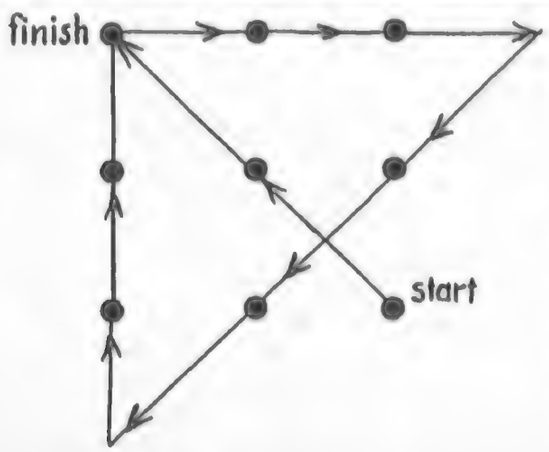

Answer to the Puzzle on Page 46

Above is shown how to draw a line through every one of the dots, making only three turnings. We never said you couldn't go outside the diagram!

I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. My mirror made me want to cry. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative. Chew one tonight and feel the difference tomorrow!"

I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. No pain or discomfort. Life became brighter at once. Back came the old appetite and energy. I romped with the children, and enjoyed their noisy games. FEEN-A-MINT is certainly a pleasant, easy way to regain the joy of living.

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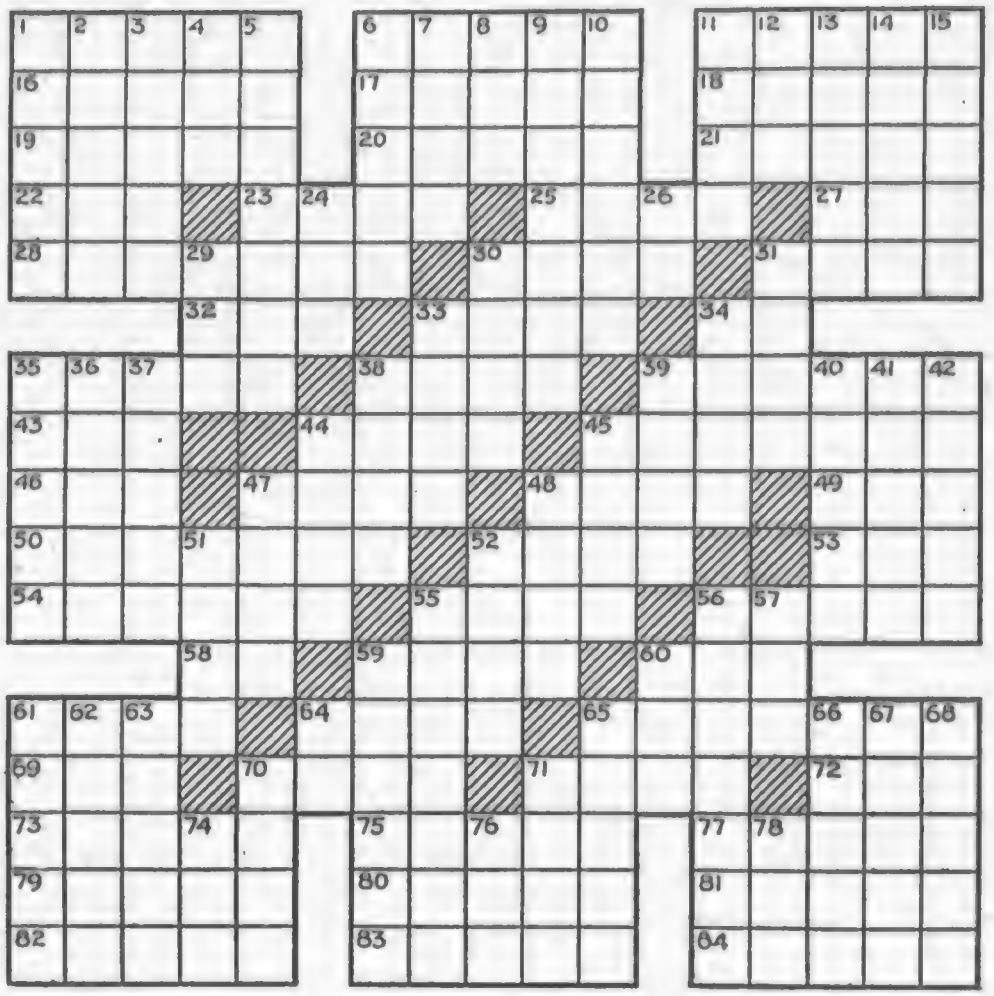
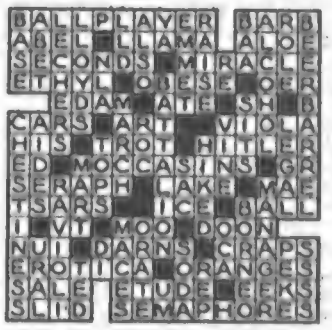


HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of sword
6 To discourage
11 One of a South American tribe
16 Over
17 Obliterate
18 Solitary
19 Stories
20 An insect
21 Guides
22 Devoured
23 Fastenings
25 Bad
27 A difficult problem
28 Wise old men
30 A number (plural)
31 Employments
32 Sooner than
33 Pouches
34 Article
35 Open passage through a wood
38 A flower
39 Hauls in and secures
43 Greasy liquid
44 Tense
45 Most hackneyed
46 Vessel used in early Christian churches
47 Moist
48 Produced
49 Man's name
50 Giggles
52 Jogging pace
53 Siamese measure
54 To issue as vapor
55 Beseech
56 Emendate
58 Note of the scale
59 Stay
60 Form of to be
61 District of London
64 Yeast
65 Jargon (plural)
69 Crude metal
70 Song
71 Elf or fairy
72 Alighted
73 Unit of electrical capacity
75 Goads
77 Part of a barrel
79 Expiate
80 Belief
81 Savage symbol
82 Type of automobile
83 Remains
84 Restores (printing)



Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 The devil
2 Lessen
3 Tree trunks
4 Woman's name
5 Make restitution
6 Takes out (printing)
7 Greek deity
8 Greek letter
9 Elemental substance
10 Sandpipers
11 Summon
12 Beverage
13 Horses of a certain color
14 Endow
15 Conquers
24 Ill temper
26 Exists
29 Man's nickname
30 Kiln
31 Single thing
33 Liquid food
34 Dry and parched
35 Ruminants
36 Confine
37 Winged
38 Thrusts
39 Allowance for waste
40 Discontinue
41 City in Germany
42 Come to rest
44 Daubs
45 City in New York
47 A township (anc. Greece)
48 Child
51 Tropical plant
52 Neat
55 Rampart
56 Skilled workers
57 Confronted
59 Part of body (pl.)
60 River in Switzerland
61 Couches
62 Declaim
63 A king of the Jews
64 An element (symbol)
65 Plagues
66 Puff up
67 Fastening device
68 Stalks
70 City in Arabia
71 Quarry
74 Collection of facts
76 Woman's name
78 Child

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MEDICAL MISTAKE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

I TOOK one look at the boy on the night accident ward's operating table and snapped, "Get his folks." The kid was moaning, "Cécilie . . . Cécilie . . ." I signaled for ether.

Half an hour later we wheeled him to a bed. I'd expected to be carting him in a different direction. There was a girl in the hall, a slight dark-haired girl, probably pretty when her face was looking the way God meant it to. She stared at the slack white caricature on the stretcher and stared at me and breathed, "Dead?"

I shook my head and beckoned her and shut us behind a door. There was no ring on her left hand, so I wondered why she'd been at the address in the kid's pocket. "You're his sister?" I said casually.

"No. We were to be married next week."

"Where's his family?"

"He hasn't any. Only me."

"You've been told a bus hit him. Did they tell you he'd been drinking?"

"No, but—I know. He hates drinking, but he's been drinking lately. I don't know why."

"Well," I said, "we've patched him, but it's no guarantee job. He was calling for you before we put him under. I'd like you to be on deck when he comes out in a few hours."

Reproach flickered across her eyes as if I'd struck at her. "I will be."

"O. K." I stood up, patting her hand. "Sounds like heavy drama to say it mostly depends on you, but in these bad shock cases that's the fact. Don't excite him. Whatever it is that's been worrying him bad enough to make him drink—if it crops out, smooth it over. Give him his way; promise anything he wants."

"Oh, doctor—that'll be easy—"

"'Atagirl," I said. "When a girl loves a fellow as much as you do, he generally pulls through. Come and wait on his floor—there's a couch."

. . . . .

Around two A. M. the kid came out fighting, and his nurse woke me. He kept trying to say "Cécilie," so I sent for the girl. "He may not know you," I warned, "and he looks pretty bad."

"He'll know me," she said.

His bed was near the door, and he croaked, "Cécilie!" just as she stepped into the ward. It's one thing to see a beloved face looking dead under ether, and something else to see it acting alive again while looking worse than dead. But she didn't halt long. Her own face was drained, but she hurried to him.

He moaned thickly, "Oh, Céc—"

She held him gently. "Don't talk, Nat."

"—have to!"

"Then just quietly, my darling."

"'M I dying?"

"*No.*"

"Well, 'n case I do—somethin' I got t'tell y—"

"Darling, please never mind; I don't want to hear."

"But you got t'hear!"

She shot a mute question up at me. I was loading a hypo. "Let him go ahead," I muttered. "But, whatever it is—take it sweet." Doctors get used to these moments of feeling like skunks because they can't leave.

She tipped her forehead against his sweated hair. "What's the trouble, punk?"

He said in his doughy speech, "I been untrue t'you, but 'sall over now."

She stayed that way with her face

hidden and all the rest of her drawn tight. Then she said, laughing a little, "*Well*, then."

"You mean you—f'give me?"

"Yes, of course—yes, I forgive you—of course."

"Oh, Céc'lie—*dearest*—" He slacked back with a feeble smile on his face.

"Better go now," I whispered. He was asleep. I laid my hypo up and took her to the ward door. "Stick around," I said. "I'll be calling you again. He'll probably forget he's got this off his chest." She seemed unsteady. "You all right?"

She nodded and moved off.

By JANET DEITRICK

At four an orderly came for me, and in a minute I stuck my head into the waiting room. She jumped up and followed promptly; but I scowled.

"No sleep?"

"A little."

"His heart's gone bad," I told her. "One way or the other, we won't need you after this time."

She nodded and walked beside me to the kid's bed and slid into his one good arm while he babbled, more clearly now.

"Oh, Cécilie—it's you—"

"Of course it's me, darling. Why don't you sleep?"

His eyes were rolling. "I can't. I had to tell you—there's another girl—I've deceived you. I've known her longer than I have you—I've gone on seeing her—"

"Sh-h-h, it doesn't matter. Try to sleep."

I used the needle. He didn't feel it.

"Oh, Céc—please forgive about Jane. I *swear* she doesn't mean a thing to me—it's just you and me always—if you'll only forgive—"

"Hush—I do."

I led her out. "In an hour or two," I said, "I'll come tell you. Lie down, will you, and shut your eyes?"

She went down the corridor. I didn't go to bed. Breakfast trays were clinking when I found her sitting staring into space.

"Thanks to your fortitude and your forgiveness," I told her, "he'll be O. K."

Most of the tension went out of her face, leaving it lovely, even with tears spilling fast. She said faintly, "Thank you, doctor," and started to go.

"I can reach you at the address where we got hold of you?" I said.

She stopped. "He couldn't possibly have a relapse now?"

"He couldn't," I stated.

"Then you can't reach me at that address."

I waited, but she didn't tell me any other, and what she meant seeped through. I went after her and yanked her arm.

"So you're quitting him," I snapped, "because of his little straying! By God, Cécilie, are *you* such a narrow-minded prude? Save his life and then wreck yours—when he swears everything's over between him and that other girl—" I let go her arm in disgust. "Or was I mistaken, and you don't love him the way I thought you did?"

"Yes, you were mistaken," she said. "But not about that. You see, my name isn't Cécilie. It's Jane."

THE END

LIBERTY PRESENTS *ComErs*

BY ED SULLIVAN

SONGBIRD—Of the singers who have come to Broadway in recent seasons, the slim dark Nicla Goodello (at right) is traveling fastest along the highroad to fame. This twenty-two-year-old product of Worcester, New York, is enacting in real life the story of the small-town girl making good in the big city. Note her name for future reference.

VALLEE "FIND"—The seventeen-year-old Al Bernie, appearing at a benefit show, excited Rudy Vallee's enthusiasm by his amazing mimicry of Rudy, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Laughton, "The Shadow," W. C. Fields, and others. Bernie (below, right) is a Comer because his big years in the theater stretch ahead, and he has what it takes.

LOUISIANA MIDGET—The race track is agreed that Jockey H. LeBlanc (below) is one of the future greats of the sport of kings. He is twenty-five years old, his first name is Hubert, and he comes from Maringouin, Louisiana, about a hundred miles from New Orleans. Tab LeBlanc as a mighty midget.

BARRETTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.—Sheila Barrett, like Helen Hayes, was born in Washington, and, like Miss Hayes, she has a dramatic talent that is not to be denied. She is one of this department's four-star specials, for stardom is marked all over her. Night clubs, vaudeville stages, and radio have been her training schools. She can't miss the upper brackets!

Confessions OF A BELLHOP

If I won, we'd keep right on going. One day I won twenty bucks.

She had ginger ale in one hand, a head of cabbage in the other.

Eye-opening! Secrets from a world of aces and stiffers

as told to **COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER**

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE average bellhop doesn't miss much. He is just naturally curious. He reads all the telegrams that the guest asks him to send and looks at the addresses on all the letters, especially if the guest hasn't loosened about himself, and keeps his eyes moving every minute he's in a person's room. One day I saw the barrel of a revolver sticking out from under some clothes in a guy's suitcase. Gats are against the law in New York. And while I'm not any stool pigeon, I did tip off the house detective. The fellow turned out to be a gangster. We got him out of the house with a headquarters dick trailing him, and pinched him on the street with the rod on him. Did the manager pat me on the head and tell me what a good boy I was? Don't fool yourself. He took the credit himself.

There was another guy who used to come to an apartment hotel where I worked, near Park Avenue. He used to do a lot of drinking all alone, and whenever he wanted a bottle of booze he usually called me for it. Finally we got to be pretty chummy. He seemed lonely. He told me all about his wife, and his three kids, and their dog. He never smiled, even when he was telling things that were really funny.

Finally he asked me one day if I'd like to go out with him nights; he'd pay the bill, he said. That was swell, so we started at it.

I knew all the places and I took him around. He'd buy lots of liquor, and come home pretty well pied every night. But it seemed to me he wasn't getting much fun out of it. He'd try to join in as if he felt he had to do it—like a guy trying to have a swell time right after a funeral. Finally one day I got a call and found him all packed up.

"Checking out, Mr. Rose?" I asked.

"Yes," he said in that same funny kind of a monotone he always used. "Checking out."

I carried his bags for him.

"Guess you'll be glad to be going home again."

"Yes, I would," he answered. That sounded queer, until I read that night's paper. I guess it does take a long time for a man to find the courage to give himself up. He'd embezzled a bunch of money out West, I read. I think he got twenty years.

I ought to have known, though, that there was something phony somewhere. He had never mentioned his home, or the names of his kids, and nobody ever had called on him. A bellboy usually watches that sort of thing—just as a part of his business. Besides, sooner or later everybody confides in a bellboy, except a crook. I know enough to wreck a hundred families and blackmail as many more, but I keep it to myself. A bellboy figures this way: If somebody's been nice to him, tipped him decently, treated him fairly, and told him some things that shouldn't be told, it's up to that bellboy to keep his mouth shut. The world's too full of rats as it is.

Usually what a bellhop thinks about most is whether a guest is an ace or a stiffer.

An ace is a person who'll tip you right. Sometimes they have funny methods. One old judge—this was down South—always used to give me fifty cents, then dare me to flip him for a dollar or nothing. If I won,

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● I Took a Trailer Away from Trouble, by Richard K. Wood.

● How Thin Women Can Gain Weight, by Madame Sylvia, guardian angel of Hollywood's feminine figures.

● My Big Adventure in Reducing for Beauty, by Sarah Paige who took off 55 pounds.

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If you are not already one of the many thousands who read Physical Culture every month we heartily recommend that you begin with the big June issue out now. You'll enjoy it—you'll profit from it! Get it at the nearest newsstand or use the introductory offer coupon provided for your convenience.

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we'd keep right on going. One day I won twenty bucks. He used to like me: I'd take a chance. He said the other boys were short sports: they'd grab the half dollar and scram with it.

But there are plenty of stiffers. A stiffer's a guy who gives you a dime and expects you to like it. Tips have dropped since the depression. An ace tip in 1929 was a dollar; now a bellhop is willing to turn handsprings for two bits, while the most they ever get out of eighty-five per cent of the women is a lousy dime.

As for the forty per cent of the men stiffers, they're liable to give you foreign coins, plugged money, slick dimes and nickels; we play the slot machines with them. The American-born New York Jew is the best spender of all; but the steadiest is an ordinary man of moderate means. The guys from the Social Register aren't so loose as you'd think. But a bellhop's always cheerful; he never knows when a good thing will rise up and slap him in the face.

I am feeling pretty low one afternoon in New York when a fellow called me to his room.

"How wise are you, kid?" he asked.

I grinned. "Plenty."

"Good. I've got a bunch of fellows I've been putting over a deal with. I'd like to show 'em a good time—take 'em out where there are plenty of women, plenty of drinks, and plenty of music—some nice place, where we won't get in trouble. We're all married."

I told him I knew just the place—a resort down in Pennsylvania. Quiet but noisy, if you know what I mean.

"That's fine," he said, "but you've got to go with us. I'll fix it with the management."

He did. I went. They were tickled to death. Then they all got drunk, and the drunker they got the more they told me what a swell place this was. Every time they told me so, somebody slipped me five dollars. I went home that night with a head like a brass band and a pocketful of five-dollar bills. I got $165 and a swell time out of that.

YOU never know when it's going to happen. One Christmas, an elevator boy grabbed me and asked me to go up to the tenth floor with him. A fellow up there was running around absolutely naked. I got out of the elevator and told the guest to get back in his room.

"Sure," he said, "if you'll go along with me."

I went. We got back to the room. The fellow leaned over and threw back the carpet. The whole floor was paved with money—bills, silver, and gold. He handed me ten dollars.

"Merry Christmas," he said, "and get t'hell out of here." I did.

But I met a bigger nut than that in a Boston hotel. I came on duty one morning to find out that an actress had been calling for me all night. The bell captain told me she was lit up like a Belgian cathedral, and refused to talk to any boy but me. So I went up and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" she bawled, and I opened the door. There she sat in her nightgown, with a bottle of ginger ale in one hand and a whole head of cabbage in the other. Don't ask me where she'd got it.

"Luther," she said, "I'm Queen of the May."

"You look it," I answered.

She didn't answer that crack. She just began questioning me about how much I liked liquor. From the way she talked, she wanted me to like it, so I obliged her. I even got to the point where I broke down and confessed that there were times when I used to run around the corner mailbox so the blue alligator that was on my trail would get to chasing his tail instead of me. She seemed to like that.

"'At's fine," she said. "Now we're going to quit drinking. I'm going to give you fifty dollars to stick it out."

"But why me?"

The Queen of the May rolled her eyes.

"Luther," she said, "either I get off the booze or I lose my job. And I want to know that there's somebody else that's suffering just as much as I am!"

THE END

NEW *Problems* AHEAD IN BASEBALL

BY RABBIT MARANVILLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SARG

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

ROGERS HORNSBY, manager of the St. Louis American League club, boarded the midnight train in Boston one night last summer for the hop to New York. In the smoking compartment he found Rollo Hemsley, his star catcher and one of the "rowdy boys" of baseball, peacefully knitting, with a huge hank of yarn in his lap. Hornsby didn't laugh.

"This will cost you fifty bucks," he said.

"What for?" roared Hemsley.

"For belittlin' me," replied Hornsby.

"Hell!" exclaimed Hemsley. "Knittin's all you're allowed to do on this ball club, ain't it?"

The scrappy catcher had been fined and reprimanded for his many off-the-field escapades, and the yarn and knitting needles was his way of showing contempt for a club discipline that expected the players to fight to win ball games but to conduct themselves with all the decorum of a village knitting bee off the playing field.

That's the problem baseball has to face this year and in the years to come in its effort to inject more fight into ball games. They can't expect to harness a rowdy spirit and drive it in only one direction—and aggressiveness bred on the baseball field is sure to have its repercussions elsewhere.

Take all the stars who were standouts in the furious fighting years of baseball, and they were no peace-loving angels either on or off the playing field.

I was, perhaps, the craziest cuckoo that ever broke into a big-league box score. The same audacious fighting urge that governed my mental attitude in a ball game led me into many a wild escapade off the playing field. Let me give you a picture of that.

. . . . .

We were barnstorming up through the South on the spring training trip. Stallings was conducting the first team over one route. Coach Irving Wilhelm was in charge of the second team playing the towns on another route coming North. I was with the second team. But at Montgomery, Alabama, I received a telegram ordering me to report to Stallings and the first team at Birmingham.

I packed my bag and grabbed a taxi to take the late night train to Birmingham. The gateman at the depot stopped me.

"Wait a minute—you can't go in here," he said.

"Why can't I?" I asked. "I've got my ticket, haven't I?"

I showed him my ticket to Birmingham. At that he made a grab for me. In those rowdy years I was nobody to be pushed around. I figured I was within my rights, so I cracked the gateman on the jaw and knocked him back over the brass railing that guarded the entrance. Then I picked up my bag and started for the train.

I heard somebody yelling, "Run, kid!" and I looked around to see two cops coming after me. I climbed to the platform of a train that stood on a siding and ran through to the other end. I looked around and saw the cops coming through after me. So I crawled up on the railing and jumped off.

The day he pitched we rode him right out of the game.

At that end of the train there was a thirty-foot embankment that went straight down into the Montgomery River. It was dark out there and I couldn't see. The next thing I knew I was in the river with all my clothes on and a spring flood raging.

As I came to the surface one of the cops saw me in the glare of a light from the railroad yards.

"Come back or I'll shoot!" he yelled.

"Shoot and be damned!" I yelled back. Then I started

☆ **A diamond veteran forecasts the troubles that may arise if the "rowdy years" return**

to swim—out into the river. I had dropped my bag, which was picked up by the swift current and carried away.

I heard the crash of a gun behind me and the spat of a bullet as it hit the water not a foot from my ear. To me that only served to add zest to a wild escapade. I ducked under water to escape the hail of lead that was now kicking up the water all around my ears. Every time my head came to the surface the cops took pot shots at it.

Then, somewhere out in the middle of the Montgomery River, a measure of sanity came to me.

"Stop shootin'—I'm comin' in!" I yelled.

I started swimming back toward the shore. There the cops fished me out and took me up to the jail.

I told them who I was, but they wouldn't believe me. They put me in a cell. I told the keeper to send word up to a Mr. Williams at the Montgomery Elks Club.

The next morning I got the lowdown on what had happened. A short sawed-off runt like me had fled from a shooting affair in Montgomery that afternoon, leaving behind him a bullet-riddled body and a hat bearing the name of a Birmingham hat store with a punched ticket from Birmingham to Montgomery sticking in the band. The cops had been watching the railroad station. When a short guy handed him a ticket to Birmingham the gateman thought I was the bird they wanted—and my impetuous act in knocking him down had convinced the cops.

My friend Williams fixed it up, and they released me on parole on condition that I get out of town immediately.

I take no pride in that episode. I'm relating it here to show how a rowdy spirit and reckless audacity bred on the baseball field lead to wild escapades off it. A fighting spirit and flair for battle that comes off with your uniform is too thin and superficial to be of much use in a ball game.

Johnny Evers and I roomed together—a couple of tomcats who kept scrapping and yowling at each other both in and out of ball games, feeding fuel to the fires of aggressiveness that burned within us. One night, when Johnny came in late at the Kingsway Hotel in St. Louis, I accused him of throwing a party and not declaring me in. I had sprained my ankle in the final game in Cincinnati and wasn't playing. Johnny came back at me, and the battle was on. We started undressing, yelling at each other till we could be heard a block away. The telephone rang and I answered it.

"If you don't stop that noise up there I'll send somebody up to throw you out!" a voice said over the wire.

That was right up my alley. "Send him up!" I yelled in reply.

Johnny and I had all our clothes off and were battling louder than ever when a knock came at the door. I yanked the door open. It was the night watchman.

"I got orders to put you guys out if you don't cut out the racket," he said without asking any questions.

I'm just aching to sock somebody, so I belted the watchman.

I'm just aching to sock somebody, as Johnny and I never let our own battles get beyond the verbal stage. So I belted the watchman on the jaw and knocked him flat on his back in the hallway. He got up and started to run. I chased him the full length of the hallway, then through a maze of connecting corridors before he got away from me by leaping down a stairway.

That left me in a public corridor away over in another part of the big hotel without a stitch of clothes on and I didn't even know my room number.

When I thought I had turned enough corners to be near my room I began trying doors. One of them was unlocked and I opened it. A woman inside the room started screaming. I backed out quickly.

Other doors along the hallway began to open and heads were thrust out. Seeing a totally nude man running through the hallway, the heads were withdrawn and the doors locked. I could hear the alarmed guests calling up the office on room telephones.

Then a door opened and another head appeared. It was Johnny Evers. I ducked inside, and we hustled quickly into our pajamas and got into bed.

Next morning Johnny got up early and went out. A little later Stallings came up to the room.

"Say, Rabbit," he said, "what's got into Evers?"

"Nothin' I know of. Why?" I replied.

"They've got a warrant out for his arrest!"

They took Evers and me before a magistrate for a hearing. The watchman was there, and when he was asked which one of us had hit him, he pointed at Evers.

We managed to get the thing patched up, but it was two years before Stallings found out it was me and not Evers who had stirred up that rumpus.

NO other ball club ever went to the extreme of reckless rowdyism in a World Series that we did in the World Series of 1914. We made it a point to learn all we could about the private life of the Athletics' ballplayers, and once we got on the field with them to play that series we dragged all the skeletons out of their closet and flaunted them in the faces of the opposing players. One of the star pitchers of the Athletics had had an affair with a girl, and what we did with that was plenty. The day he pitched we rode him right out of the ball game. If any team ever *stole* a World Series from a better ball club by rowdy ballplaying, that was it. We won four straight.

Two days after I was appointed manager of the Chicago Cubs on July 7, 1925, our game in Brooklyn was postponed on account of rain. With three of my young ballplayers, I got into a taxi at the Times Square Hotel in New York to go to the Commodore Hotel, where we were stopping. At Broadway and Forty-second Street we decided to get out. When we refused to pay the driver a dollar for riding two blocks, he got tough and reached for his starting crank. As he stooped down, Brett, my rookie pitcher, took a kick at his chin and missed. He came up with the starting crank, and, to keep my pitcher from having his brains knocked out, I hit the taxi driver on the chin and knocked him through the door of his own machine.

In less than no time there was a battle royal raging, and a crowd of about 10,000 was blocking traffic in the heart of Times Square. I figured that was no place for the manager of a big-league ball club and started to push out through the crowd. Just then a policeman's club cracked me on the side of the head. As I staggered and almost went down, another cop socked me on the other side of the head with his stick. My knees sagged and buckled under me. I looked up to see a cop standing over me with his club raised. I hit him under the chin with everything I could muster and knocked him out into the street.

Then I was picked up and hustled into a patrol wagon with the other players and the taxi driver. We were kept in a cell for five hours, then taken to night court.

The judge let us off without a fine, without even a reprimand.

"Rabbit," he said, "if you don't make one of those vest-pocket catches of yours when I go up to the Polo Grounds to see you play, I'll have you back here." Then he shook hands with me and we left.

That was all. It shows you what a grip baseball had even on the police courts in those days.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD looks at HOLLYWOOD

Our magical glamourland violates a tradition and gives you a picture of itself

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ A STAR IS BORN

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Andy Devine, Lionel Stander, Elizabeth Jenns, Edgar Kennedy, Owen Moore, J. C. Nugent, Clara Blandick, A. W. Sweatt, Peggy Wood, Adrian Rosely, Arthur Hoyt, Guinn Williams, Vince Barnett, Franklin Pangborn. Screen play by Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson from a story by Mr. Carson and William Wellman. Directed by William Wellman. Produced by Selznick International-United Artists. Running time, 110 minutes.

HOLLYWOOD has had a curious unwritten law about Hollywood films. It has believed them destructive and dangerous, besides being invariably unsuccessful.

Yet Hollywood seeks everywhere, at any cost, for glamour and romance and adventure. Actually, Hollywood is the last stand of this golden trio. It is the one place where nothing is impossible. Magic can touch you at any second—and make you famous and rich quicker than all the genii of The Arabian Nights.

Curiously, Hollywood has been afraid to put all this magic into films. Now comes a picture that violates this tradition. It is A Star Is Born. It tells of a little country girl who comes to Hollywood seeking the genie of the lamps, looking for that fabulous chance of chances. She almost starves. Hollywood isn't heartless. It hasn't time to bother with her or with the ten thousand other girls who are starving and hoping for the same chance. Then, at a party where she is working as a waitress, a drunken star takes a cockeyed fancy to her. He is on his way down—living for the moment. She is amusing, refreshing, a little girl from the sticks, and he helps her get a chance in the movies. And he falls in love, this star who is drinking his way out of pictures. They are married, the girl destined to stir the dreams of the world and the man who has sneered at the Hollywood gods. There you have the story. A star coming. A star going. And both terribly in love.

Fredric March is the idol who is losing his close-up lure; Janet Gaynor is the starry-eyed girl from the hinterlands. March never has been better than as the skidding favorite. It is a rounded, humorous, moving performance. William Wellman's direction is shrewd and adroit; the whole story is told in Technicolor.

Fredric March and Janet Gaynor in A Star Is Born.

Woven into the story is a panorama of glamourland—the Trocadero, the Santa Anita race track, the Biltmore Bowl, and all the other tourist items, up to that annual gesture in the general direction of better things—the banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

VITAL STATISTICS: This would be Janey Gaynor's firstie as a free lance. For it she dragged down $125,000. Released by 20th-Fox, she's expecting to be a star reborn after this. For first time in her weepy screen career, she abandons her tatters-patches-smilin'-through manner and goes in for glamour. Likes showing joy for a change, and henceforth promises to go in for glamour forever. Is one out of the 100,000 who has licked the odds and arrived at stardom via extradom. Only twelve others've done it, among them Gable, Lombard, Cooper, Harlow, Menjou. Seventh Heaven shot Gaynor skyward; for it she got one of those Academy Award doorstops. This was ten years ago. Since then she's run the offscreen gamut of emotion, life, and stuff—all netting but one divorce and one marriage. Now she lives quietly with her maw amid an oil-well forest down along Venice Beach. . . . Fredric March continues as the highest paid Hollywood free lance. Picked up a $150,000 check for this; expects to be raised $25,000 for his next. Made $300,000 last year. Next to G. Cooper he's the highest paid male star. Born Fred Bickel of Racine. . . . Wild Bill Wellman—$50,000 a pic—is Hollywood's maddest director and works hard at keeping up the reputation. He once went in for flagellant ribs; but now that his hair is turning iron gray, he takes his boisterousness out in talk. Won fifty-dollar bet for swimming that pic pool a length under water. Ribber Barnett paid. Always rewrites his stuff before the cameras; is world's fastest shooter, knowing exactly what he wants before he snaps it, avoiding fifty-seven takes and thirty-three angles, including the cockeyed. Directed and made good with Wings. His favorite expression is "Mahvelous!" . . . Lionel Butch Stander came into the world in New York twenty-eight years ago. Stander gathered his vast fund of information at N. Y. U.; became a newsman until some friend induced him to play a part as a crapshooter in e. e. cummings' Him, produced among the ash cans at Greenwich Village's Provincetown Theater. Giving up smelling out smelly tabloid facts, Stander rose like a plummet to the top of his present profession, appearing in twenty-eight successive flops. Insists he got good notices in all of them. Played mostly villains or the man who got killed. After radioing for Fred Allen, Ben Hecht cast Stander in The Scoundrel, from which he bounced to Hollywood, where he became a dialect comedian. Played Greeks, Finns, Litvaks, Italians, Afghans with a Russian accent, and says no one ever knew the difference. Is the only person in Hollywood who stays up after 1 A. M., never turning in till 4 A. M. when not working. Is literate, given to high-brow fulminating. Can write. Must always have a reference to radicalism in his pic speeches. . . . Menjou claims he's been at the bottom three times. Insists they always come back. . . . All long shots herein of Hollywood fame spots are real, but close-up backgrounds were duped at Selznick studios, where they think nothing of putting together the Biltmore Bowl, the Pyramids, and Pompeii in an afternoon. . . . Peggy Wood made a big hit in something called Buddies a few years ago. Used the money to buy a Connecticut farm, which she immediately named Buddybrook. . . . Author Robert Carson is a literary stooge of Will Wellman's. . . . This picture is really a remake of What Price Hollywood, which starred Connie Bennett and was Lowell Sherman-megged a few years back. . . . Helene Chadwick plays a bit. Was once Janet Gaynor's ne plus ultra. . . . Owen Moore, bits, was once Mary Pickford's husb, a big star, until Doug Fairbanks took Mary away. Is now married to Kitty Perry.

(She's got something there!)

—

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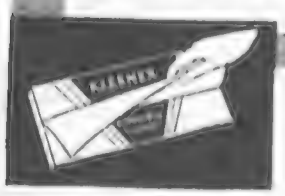


No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use.

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

former Follies gal. . . . Only boner I could find was May Robson telling the audience she went west to North Dakota with the covered wagons, fighting Injuns and hardship all the way. Having been twenty at the time, and being but seventy in the picture, that would make Miss Robson's character at least 150 years old.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Claude Rains, Henry Stephenson, Barton MacLane, Billy and Bobby Mauch, Alan Hale, Eric Portman, Lionel Pape, Leonard Willey, Murray Kinnell, Halliwell Hobbes, Phyllis Barry, Ivan Simpson, Montagu Love, Fritz Leiber, Elspeth Dudgeon, Mary Field, Forrester Harvey, Helen Valkis, Lester Matthews, Robert Adair, Harry Cording, Robert Warwick, Rex Evans, Holmes Herbert, Ian MacLaren, Anne Howard, Gwendolyn Jones, Lionel Braham, Harry Beresford, Lionel Belmore. Adapted by Laird Doyle from Mark Twain's story. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 120 minutes.

MARK TWAIN, that wise humorous Missourian who knew boys better than any one else before or since, made an interesting trip back into sixteenth-century England for The Prince and the Pauper. He chose two boys of 1547 as his chief characters—two boys who, by an odd twist of fate, looked exactly alike. One was the Prince of Wales, son of Henry VIII, and destined to rule briefly and unhappily as frail Edward VI; the other, Tom Canty of grimy squalid Offil Court in the London shadows. Then Twain showed what would happen if you simply shifted their clothes, putting Tom into Windsor Castle, Edward into the cruel hands of cutthroat John Canty.

For all the warm hearty democratic humor of Twain, The Prince and the Pauper essentially was a melodrama in which the author played a bit with history. It was colored by Twain's fundamental distrust of European culture and his hatred of monarchy. If it seems frequently hard and cruel, probably it is because the era was hard and cruel. And the scenes in which the beggar boy almost comes to the throne after the death of Henry VIII, all the ritual, pageantry, and detail of a sixteenth-century coronation, have a singular timely interest right now. Probably it was this that prompted the remaking of the story.

Twins—Billy and Bobby Mauch—play Edward and Tom, or is it Tom and Edward? Your Beverly Hills can't tell which is which. And the boys do very well by Twain's youthful heroes. We were disappointed in Errol Flynn as the penniless adventurer, Miles Hendon, who helps the lost Edward get back to Windsor, and in Montagu Love as the gusty shrewd old scoundrel, Henry VIII. But mostly disappointed in William Keighley's uninspired direction. He never once caught the feeling of the era. Instead, he offers a carefully detailed and expensive reproduction of Twain's dream for boys.

VITAL STATISTICS: Mark Twain's foreword to this reads: "This is not a history, but a tale of once upon a time; so it may have happened, it may not have happened, but it could have happened." . . . Freddie Bartholomew was supposed to have dualed both Prince and Pauper roles over at M-G-M; in fact, writers H. Estabrook and Hugh Walpole were paid $40,000 to knock together a screen play. Dual-role problems and Warners' offer to pay off the story charges induced M-G-M to relinquish its rights. . . . The Mauches, Bobby and Billy, are of Peoria, Illinois. They are known as identical twins, Billy having beat Bobby into this world, on July 6, 1924, by ten full minutes. Bobby is the more serious-minded; Billy the more boisterous, equipped with an infectious laugh. They get $350 apiece a week, maw another $150 for chaperoning them. They are of average size, are being tuted by private toots. They dress exactly alike, down to the very last zipper. Bobby played the child Fredric March in Tony Adverse. Both read the Twain book before they played in it, which is more than you can say for the average producer. Billy wears a ring, in case either of them or maw ever forgets which is who. Bobby was chosen to play the Prince because Billy's left-handed and couldn't pick up the swordplay as quickly as Bobby. . . . Since the great London Fire destroyed practically all available records, all researching had to be done from Holbein's paintings—plus the imagination. Pic came to about $1,250,000. The Westminster Abbey had to be built, a coronation thrown in; about $200,000 worth of costumes hand-sewn; coaches, gadgets, and stuff of the period had to be forged. Director Keighley shot 550,000 feet of film, of which you see a mere remaining 11,000. Curiously, a few years ago costume pictures were considered dead as yesterday's divorce in Hollywood. . . . To train for a part, Downright Cussed Claude Rains goes to the library, dives into a pile of historical data on his character, that of those about him, and the times. When he comes up for air, he is ready to sneer with vile accuracy and genuineness. . . . Meanie Barton MacLane does a lot of road work to whip up his sneer to fury pitch. Otherwise he likes to dabble in his ranch garden, avoid entangling romance which might lead to marriage. A big softy, he never can expel stray cats and dogs which find refuge on his ranch. He's an Xmas Day baby; played half back for Wesleyan. . . . Errol Flynn recently vacationed in Spain; wandered into the forbidden University City section of Madrid, got himself knocked out by a falling brick when a shell exploded near by; was erroneously reported falling wounded by a machine-gun bullet while fighting for the Loyalists, charging with a machine gun singlehandedly à la a Bengal Lancer, etc. The Flynn-Damita romance is now on a strictly Velez-Weissmuller basis. Flynn's book Beam Ends is out, filled with Flynn exploits, very much on the masculine Dick Halliburton style. Once a $150-a-weeker, Flynn now gets $2,000, fifty-two weeks a year; has the right to adventure for three months. . . . Author Laird Doyle was killed just about the time he finished scripting this. Was taking last flight, solo, before getting his pilot's license, when at about 150 feet his plane sideslipped and crashed. A Stanford grad, he'd come a long way at twenty-eight. . . . Loads of real royal blood among the extras. Halliwell Hobbes, who once trained for the clergy, at last gets his chance to be the Archbishop of Canterbury; imported-from-England Eric Portman says hardest thing to get used to in Hollywood is the sweetness of the food and the sourness of the blondes; Alan Hale almost became an osteopath, proving the osteopaths of glory lead but to the cinema; Rob Warwick plays the Earl of Warwick and claims blood lines.

★ ★ ½ THE HIT PARADE

THE PLAYERS: Phil Regan, Frances Langford, Louise Henry, George Givot, Pert Kelton, Monroe Owsley, Max Terhune, Pierre Watkins, Edward Brophy, J. Farrell MacDonald, Inez Courtney, Lou Fulton, Ed Platt, William Demarest, and orchestras of Carl Hoff, Duke Ellington, and Eddie Duchin. Screen play by Bradford Ropes and Samuel Ornitz from a story by Mr. Ropes. Directed by Gus Meins. Produced by Republic Pictures. Running time, 80 minutes.

HERE you have another—and fairly elaborate—musical built around the radio world. You know the formula. An unknown makes an air triumph. This is variation No. 3A. Press agent Pete Garland builds a pretty air songstress to top figures, only to have her go high-brow on him. So he starts out to discover some one he can swing to kilocycle stardom. Of course he does. The find turns out to be Frances Langford.

Phil Regan, one time a New York cop, is the press agent. We would like to call his work arresting. Actually, it is his first real opportunity after several years of waiting around Hollywood, and he does moderately well. Miss Langford is, of course, Miss Langford, and for radio fans there is a parade of widely varied ether celebrities in bits: Al Pearce, the Voice of Experience, George Givot, Ed Thorgerson, Molasses 'n' January, and others. If you ask us, the hit of The Hit Parade is stolen by one Max Terhune, who seems to be a ventriloquist as well as an accomplished imitator of various intriguing

sounds. Terhune has an honest solid sort of Bob Burns quality about him.

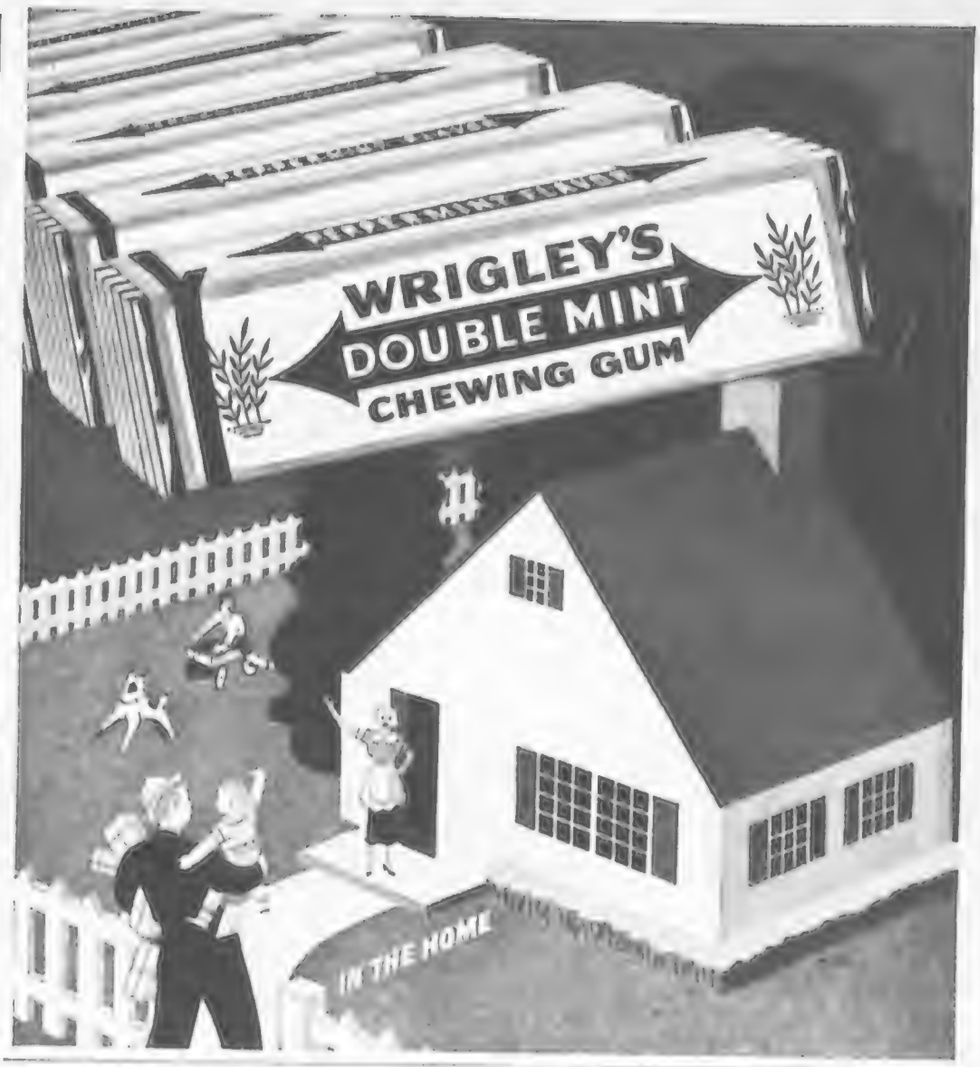
VITAL STATISTICS: Like Lily Pons, 98-pounder Frances Langford has one of those powerful voices in a petite body. She's of Lakeland, Florida; has a street named after her down there. Discovered by Ell de Witt, *millionaire stogie* king, Rudy Vallee toured her until she grew famous on the Hollywood Hotel prog. . . . Phil Regan used to be a Brooklyn cop; arrested a desperate murderer singlehanded while still a rookie; sang his way out of a cops' benefit into Guy Lombardo's and Burns & Allen's lives. . . . Magician-ventriloquist Max Terhune can cluck like a hen, put-put, yodel while blowing smoke rings, turn cabbages into white mice, take silk hats out of rabbits. A ventriloquist from way back in G. V. (Good Vaudeville), he thinks voice throwers are coming back. . . . Duke (Hot Sweet Jamster) Ellington's really Edward Kennedy Ellington of Washington, D. C. He won a scholarship for art at Pratt Institute; turned it down because family went broke; got to be piano-playing soda jerker at Washington's Poodle Dog Café instead. First composition was Soda Fountain Rag; it pushed him into a sixty-piece oakester playing Sunday jazz. Warned for wandering all over the keyboard, finally got fired for inserting typical Ellington hot breaks in sweet jazz. . . . Eddy (Sweet and Low) Duchin prescribes slow dreamy marshmallow waltzes for the kids and ha-cha for their elders. Is a Massachusetts College of Pharmacy grad and would rather fill dance halls than prescriptions. Watches feet of dancers to find out their mood, then plays appropriate music. Is both handsome, social, and able. . . . Carl (Swingosopher) Hoff, the Hit Parade tune-maker, credits Oxnard, California, as his buthplace and his fame-maker. Says newspapers couldn't remember name of town that bore so famous a man, so he moved to Chicago, which was easier on the memory. Playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, he got into the Folies-Bergère thing at the World's Fair. . . . The Voice of Experience is really Marion Sayle Taylor. He receives about 30,000 letters a week asking advice on enough things to tax even Solomon, but which never faze the V. O. E. Has at least two signed confessions of murder. His capacity as unmedicated psychiatrist keeps him immune from police inquiry. Confessions are kept secret by him. Has two honorary degrees, Laws and Humanities, a Fifth Avenue office, a fortune, and unlimited faith in radio and people. . . . Molasses 'n' January are also Pick and Pat; appear on both the Show Boat and a tobacco company's programs merely by changing from one violent set of sartorial colors to another and putting the switcharoo on the jokes. Are really Pick Malone and Pat Padgett, and how come Irishmen make good cullid comics? Cullid comics never make good Irishmen. . . . Al Pearce, who heads Watch the Fun Go By on your radio, started organizing gangs when he was a boy, and the Lord Bilgewater, Elmer Blurp, Eb and Hector Smith you hear on his hour are actually himself in different moods. . . . This is a gigantic super-colossal for Republic Pics, practically the last of the Hollywood quickie factories, which means it cost anywhere from $50 to about $120,000. Republic uses anything and every one on its tiny compact lot for scenes, extras, and props, the prexy himself playing extra bits.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse.

★★★—Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts.



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A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema. The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness and susceptibility to colds and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Nurse Uses Cascade on Nearly Every Case

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Lena Herman, R.N.
1731 Delaware St.
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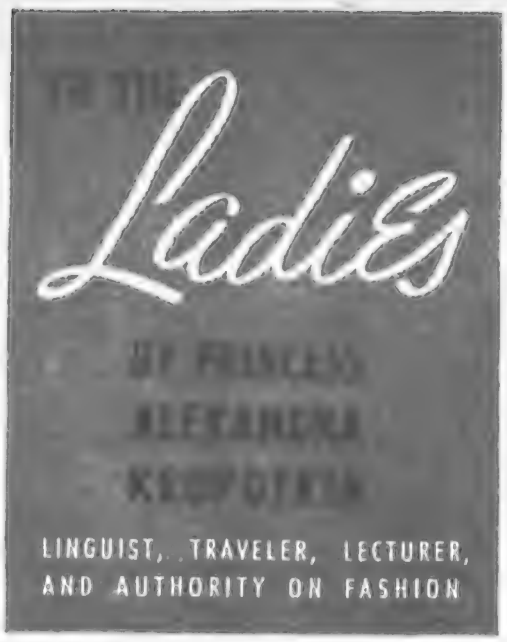
Street .....

City ..... State .....



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE RITZ BROTHERS

HARRY RITZ, of the three fantastic Ritz brothers, has been telling me how he and Al and Jimmy launched their comical career. Harry said: "We started making funny faces around the kitchen stove. Potato pancakes were our dish, but mother didn't always feel like setting them up for such a hungry mob. So we used to put on an act. We'd mimic the neighborhood women, especially the ones mother wasn't too chummy with. That would give her a laugh—then we'd get our potato pancakes."

After years of vaudeville the Ritz brothers became a sudden sensation in Hollywood, are now near the top of screen popularity. "And still making faces for a living," says Harry.

As kids in Brooklyn they were inseparable. Always a three-team, they played pranks together, fought together, swiped firewood together, raided sauerkraut barrels together. Their teachers at Public School No. 50 encouraged their theatrical ambition. The teachers said, "Why don't you boys get out of here and go on the stage, so we can have a little peace and quiet?"

In his first pair of long pants, Al wangled a part-time job at the Eastern studio of the old Vitagraph movie company. Harry sneaked Al's pants, went to Coney Island, won five dollars in a dance contest. A week later Jimmy purloined the pants, also won a dance prize. Whereupon they decided to be professional hoofers, and made a three-way team of it, as usual. Their father, Max Ritz, is in Hollywood with them now. "He's another clown," Harry said affectionately.

● An important executive asked his big boss for a leave of absence, to revisit a far-away land he had known in his youth.

His boss said:

"Why go back now? If the girl isn't dead she must be married to some one else."

The executive said, "I know that. But I can't accept the fact until I make sure." So he has risked a big job to revive a romance now almost surely destroyed. I call *that* an adventure.

● *Notes from Fort Wayne.* . . . Knock, knock at the door of my hotel suite. Leaping for cover (because I hadn't a stitch on), I squeaked, "Wait a minute! Who's there?" The answer was, "Sally Rand." And it *was* Sally herself, all wrapped up in English tweeds. Dancing that week at a local theater, she had dropped in to pay me a friendly call. We laughed about her catching me in *her* usual costume. . . . Visited the Lincoln Library at Fort Wayne; saw Lincoln biographies published in all languages; noticed how different their illustrations make his portrait appear. In the Swedish edition he looks like a blond Swede. The Japanese book gives his picture a strong Mongolian cast of countenance, while the Spanish volume shows him as a definitely Latin type.

● Friend just back from London came to tea and brought her new dog, quaint little brown pup named Taffy, underslung and bobtailed, a genuine Welsh *corgi*, the first I have seen of this newly fashionable breed. Present fad for them originated in England among women of the royal family; has since spread far and wide because of the Coronation boom in all things royally British. There are two distinct types of corgi dogs. Type called the Pembroke is golden tan, with short legs and a docked tail. Other type, the Cardigan, comes in a variety of colors; has a long tail and a foxy face; is less high-strung than the Pembroke in temperament.

Not many American kennels are yet raising the Welsh corgi, but the demand for them is growing steadily.

● Advocates of increased population wish they could make a new deal with Mother Nature—a deal to fix things so that henceforth the first child born to young parents always would be a girl baby. When the first is a boy, say the population boosters, young parents are too often satisfied to stop right there and not have any more; whereas if the first is a girl they are much likelier to keep on trying until they get a son. The population promoters warn us that this may bring us eventually a grave shortage of women. I appreciate their alarm, but cannot help thinking how perfectly dandy such a state of affairs would be for the few daughters who happened to be left. *What* pampering *they* could demand!

● A book aimed straight at you bachelor girls is Anne Hirst's survey of modern courtship and marriage. The title is, Get Your Man—and Hold Him. (Published by H. C. Kinsey & Co.)

● South American cooks, in the Republic of Chile, make their chicken pies with a crust of fresh green corn, add unexpected ingredients, and produce a dish *different* enough to tempt the most jaded appetite. Here's how they do it:

Work 2½ cups fresh grated corn to stiff paste with 1 tablespoon flour and 2 tablespoons butter. Chill for 1½ hours. Cut a young chicken in small pieces, lay in fireproof dish (dish about 3 inches deep), sprinkle with a little sugar, rings of fried onion, salt, plenty of pepper. Top with slices of hard-boiled egg, some pitted olives, a few raisins, bits of butter, 2 tablespoons consommé. Cover with the corn pastry and bake 1½ hours in slow oven.

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

A little soft soap puts our hero on the skids.. and how!

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

HELLO, Mazie, how's my cutie? Listen, Toots, slip me a copy of Irish turkey and a double header of hashed browned berdadoes, hey? Oh boy, I'm so hungry I could eat the legs off a cow. Say, by-the-way, that half-witted cook of yours built me a omelet the other night that was so tough I could have used it for a blow-out patch. On the square, you couldn't have dented it with a pair of store tusks.

"How's the taxi business?" you ask. Don't make me laf. If it was any worse it would still be terrible. No fooling, I've had the worst run of luck this week I've ever had. Yesterday, I picked up a pair of comics at the Grand Central that were wows. From the look of their catalogue creations I figured they must have bounced out of some whistle-stop in Minnesota. The little guy had a loud speaker glued to his left ventilator and the antenna disappeared down his rubber collar.

To make things goofier, he had a touch of the St. Vitus gavotte and would wink at you for no good reason at all. For a while I thought he was trying to date me up. —Pass the vinegar, eh, Toots?

Oh, and Mazie, you should have taken a peak at the dame. Oh boy, what a darb. She was a dainty little mop Mary weighing about 350 F.O.B. Chicago. On her head was perched the cutest hat you ever looked at. I couldn't tell whether it was a waffle iron or a rib roast. To add to her beauty, she had her face lifted so many times that every time she turned her head, up went her stockings. —Leave us have a bowl of mocha, eh, Mazie?

As soon as they got into my hack the little guy told me to drive downtown as he wished to catch a barge for Bermuda.

"Step on it!" he said.

So I leaned on the gas, and as I reached West Street I heard a sireen and who came flying along but a cop!

"Who do you think you are—Sir Malcolm's Campbell?" he asked with a sourcastical grin as he hopped off the outboard motor. "Leave us see your license!"

The next thing I knew, he pulled out the headache pad and began leaning on the lead. For two-bits I could have parted his locks with the crank handle. No fooling, I no more than got a chance to make a buck when the cop slipped me a ticket that was good for ten smackers in any guy's court. That wasn't bad enough, but I got into more trouble. Just as the buxom dame was getting out of the hack, I slammed the door and caught her Main Street cocktail gown in the crack. Oh boy, the skirt opened up like a bed and there she stood in a pair of shorts big enough to hide a pipe organ. She was so mad, she let go a right hook that closed my left lamp tighter than a bank. If it hadn't been for a gang of chauffeurs she would have ruined me. And *that*, Mazie, is a sample of the taxi business for you.

But wait till I give you a load of what happened to me last Saturday night. Honest, it's a pip. It all started like this:—

A pal of mine by the name of Tim Doyle called me up and wanted to know if I could chauffeur for him while he went to the hospital to have the ulsters pulled out of his stomach. He said his boss lived in Worstchester and that the job was a cinch. All I had to do was drive the boss to Wall Street every day and I'd get a hundred and fifty bucks the month.

Tim's boss, by the way, is richer than a Marshmallow Delight. He has six bucks for every squeak in a folding bed and then some. He's an old red-faced exec with high blood pressure. To make things worse, the valves in his ticker need grinding. He sports the duckiest hair comb you ever hung an optic over. He grows the alfalfa on the side of his skull and drapes it over his dome like the fringe on a floor lamp. Oh, and Mazie, you should see the bride he drew. An old maid of *sixteen* who just trucked out of high school. Sister, and does she push him around? She took him to the Pink Girdle the other night and when he got through doing the Lindy Hop I thought they'd stretch him. —Let's have a slab of that coconut's pie, sweetie!

Oh, and Mazie, you should have seen the high-powered super-charger they handed me to drive. It was so long you couldn't park it in the Polo Grounds. It had fancy mirrors in the front to see what was coming in the back and was full of humidors, radios and cut glass doodads filled with hilyertripe and orchids. To sit in the rear, was like parking your hips in a cornstarch pudding. When I lifted the hood I thought the Baldwin Locomotive Works was underneath it. On the level, it made the motor in my taxi look like an alarm clock.

Well, everything went along kayo with the job until the missus informed me I would have to drive them to the opera. She said they were going to see "Faust" or some burlesque shows like that. —Let's have another cut of that hustleberry pie, Mazie!

Oh, and when they bounced in the car I thought I'd pass out. The missus had on a ballroom sensation that must have been wove by a spider. The front was lower than a hammock, and as for the back, she was as naked as a Peek's nose. To make matters more intriguing, she had enough cracked ice wrapped around her ton-

Words and Pictures by BERT GREEN

I slammed the door and caught her gown in the crack. Oh boy, the skirt opened up like a bed.

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Send 9c in stamps to cover postage. Will send you a liberal size bottle VEG-E-LAY, the hair dressing de luxe for you to try. A revelation in hair preparations. Corrects dry hair. Checks loose dandruff. Stimulates the scalp. At Druggists or Barbers —or send at once to

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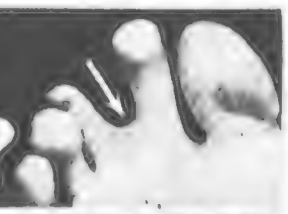
HOTEL PICCADILLY

FEET ITCH?



It May Be "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

If your feet itch; if the skin between the toes is red, raw, cracked, a thick dead-white, or broken out in tiny blisters, it may be "Athlete's Foot". Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX is formulated to relieve intense itching, kill the fungi it comes in contact with and aid in preventing the spread of the disease. This is a serious foot ailment — so don't experiment. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. Sold at drug, shoe and department stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

sils and fingers to make the King's crown look like a roasting pan.

As for the boss, he had on a magician's coat, a boiled shirt, and sported a trick hat with a main spring in it. The thing folded up like a squeeze box. Well, if you could have seen me driving that flying penthouse along Park Avenue you would have passed out. When I delivered them at the Metropolitan, the boss told me to call for him at eleven bells when the show was over. So, not having anything to do for a few hours, I thought I would take the car up to 52nd Street and see if I could make a few bucks *hacking*. I'd only been there about ten minutes Mazie, when what blew out of the Dew Drop Inn but a big shot with a pair of giggling disturbances both half stiff. Seeing they were likely customers, I asked the guy if he wanted to ride in a *good* car.

"Sure," he said, so in they piled. Well, Mazie, I drove the guy over to the Weehawken ferry where he got out. He then slipped me twenty bucks and told me to deliver the dames to the Tattooed Arms up on Riverside Drive. I'd only gotten half-way up there when one of the frails made the fatal mistake of dropping a quart of whiskey on the floor of the car. It splashed all over the works. Holy smoke, I was fit to be chained. Here I was supposed to be back at the opry house at eleven with the inside of the gawjiss limousine smelling like a distillery. Oh boy, I could see my soft job going haywire.

I slammed on the brake, grabbed the two dames by the neck and piled them on the sidewalk. While they were squarking, I lit for the nearest garage to get the hack cleaned out. I doused the rug in gasoline, boiled it in steam and put it through the ringer, but the darned thing still smelt like the business end of a Bowery bar. At last, I conceived the brilliant idea of buying some Adder of roses and spraying it all over. When I got through, the outfit smelled like the Sultan's necking parlor.

On pulling up to the opry house, the boss said:—

"Oh, my, Mr. McCoy. What on earth have you done to the car? It smells *lovely*."

Honest, Mazie, I nearly folded. —Pass the sugar, Toots!

Well, I had just gotten over that shock when along comes the topper of them all. As soon as I dropped them off at the house I started for the garage which was in the back of the house. Seeing the garage doors open, I stepped on the gas and when I put on the brakes, *nothing happened*. The result was, I knocked the pot-bellied stove galley-west and when the smoke pipe came down I looked like Uncle Tom. I then went through the back of the garage like it was made of cheese. The noise of falling bricks was terrific.

Come to find out, the dumb Swede had just washed the floor with soapy water and when I hit it Sonja Henie had nothing on me.

When the boss took a peek at his $20,000 charger, he thought it had

been hit by a freight. The result was, I got *fired*, so I'm back on my taxi *winning headaches*.

And that, Mazie, is the life of a taxi pilot.

Well, I've got to screw along now and make some dough. So long, Love Lips. I'll be up tomorrow night.

Some more thrilling verbal mileage from Shorty McCoy will appear in an early issue.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Cecil B. De Mille.

2—Elijah, 1 Kings 19:8—"And he [Elijah] arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God."

3—It can look at an object with both eyes at the same time.

4—Yes; it is the only active volcano in the United States. Lassen Peak, 10,465 feet high, is in northeastern California.

5—Wash.

6—The reforms of President Theodore Roosevelt were said by some to have been responsible for the panic of 1907.

7—The Sandwich Islands, named by Captain James Cook after the Earl of Sandwich.

8—William Cowper (1731-1800), English poet.

9—About four.

10—Harold Ickes.

11—Yes; originally a rumble seat for the use of servants was located behind the carriage's body.

12—Reno, Nevada.

13—Gregory Rasputin, killed in December, 1916.

14—Tarkington, Tarbell, Brandeis.

15—Ensigns—corresponding to the army's second lieutenants.

16—William Howard Taft (1857-1930), President of the United States 1909-13. The Titanic collided with an iceberg, with a loss of life of 1,517, in April, 1912.

17—A dog, having forty-two against man's thirty-two.

18—At Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany.

19—Chop suey.

20—George Eliot

WANTED! MASTERS FOR 25 PEDIGREED DOGS!

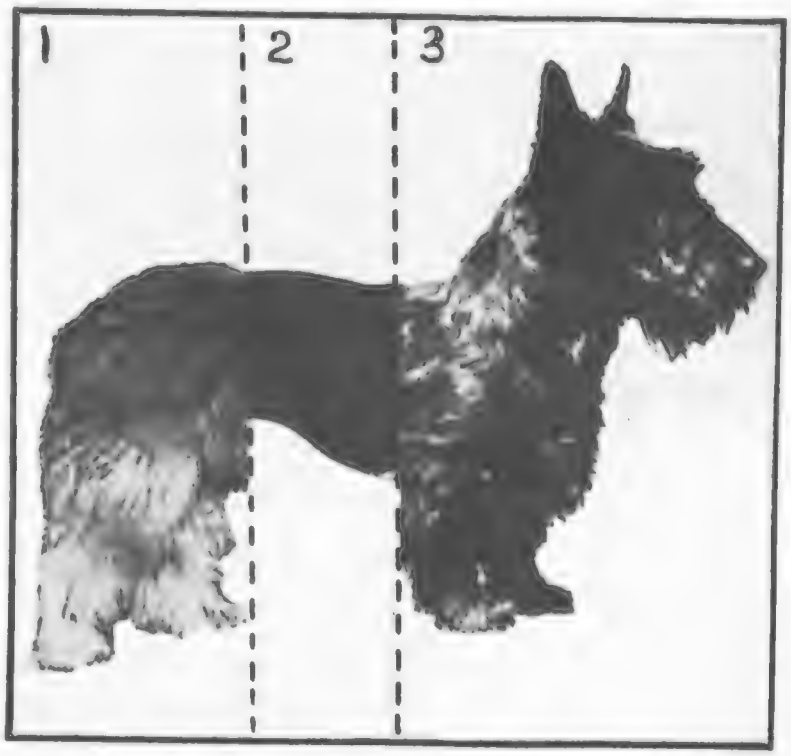
LIBERTY INVITES YOU TO WIN A FAITHFUL FRIEND AND PLAYMATE IN THIS NEW CONTEST

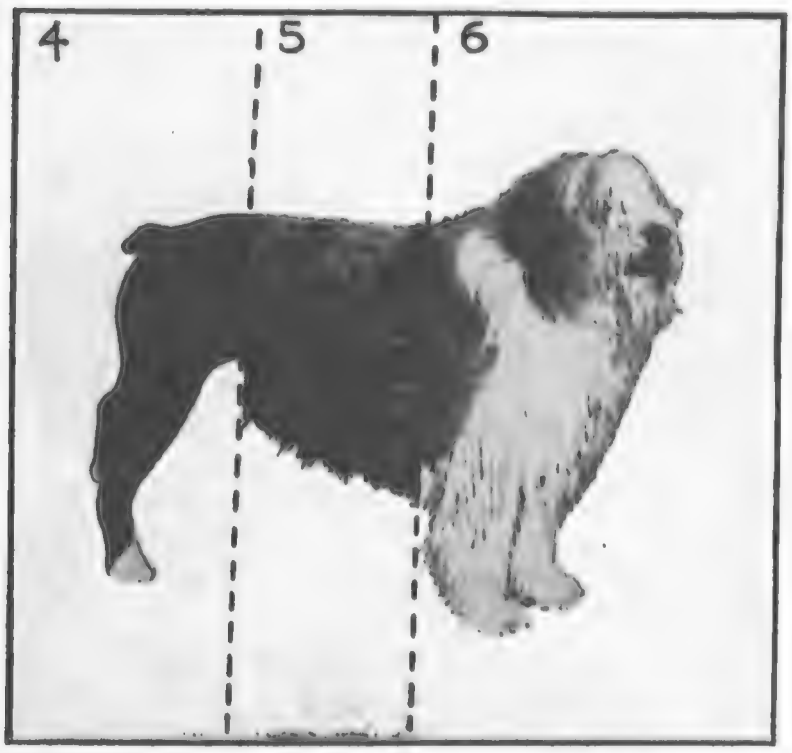
YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT!

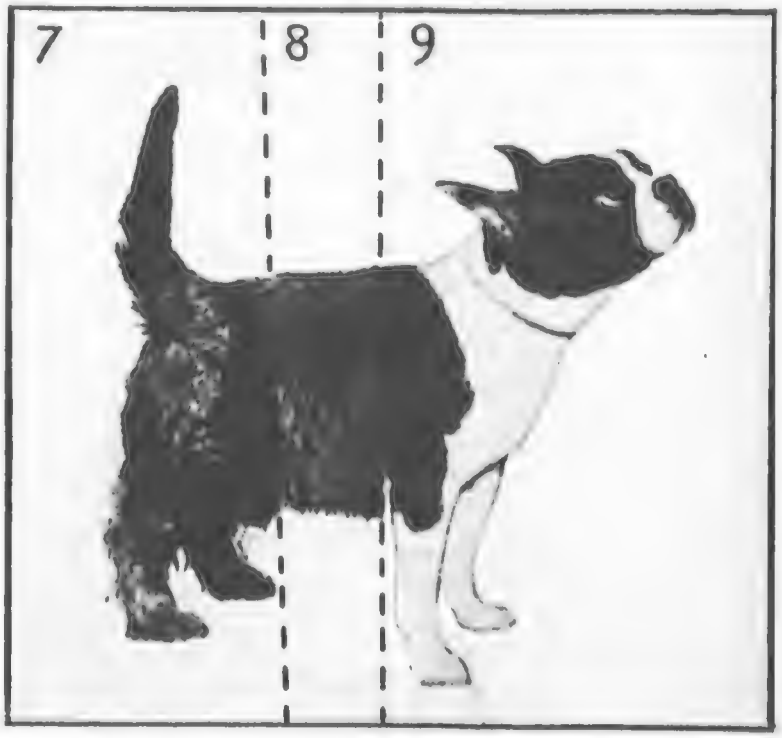
WANT a dog? A perfect specimen of a dog with a certified pedigree? Liberty has decided to make it possible for you to become the proud owner of such a loyal friend. The twenty-five entrants who submit the best solutions in this contest will each be awarded a pedigreed dog. This is your opportunity to get the thoroughbred pet you have always wanted. Your chance to win is excellent. Read the rules carefully so that you know just what is required, and then start your entry by solving the composite pictures on this page. Save all your solutions until the end of the contest. Incomplete entries will not be considered. The second set of composites will be published next week. Watch for them.

The RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dogs are represented.
2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.
6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.







Vox Pop

Presents the Wives Belong at Home Associates

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Twenty-one young married men, including myself, meet once a week and have a round-table discussion. We all are Liberty readers. Liberty is the official magazine from which we choose our topics for discussion. We can discuss anything, from the front to the back cover of Liberty. It is a hobby with us. It also helps us to keep in shape for our respective occupations, including that of a state legislator, four lawyers, one doctor, four clerks, six

workmen, two salesmen, and three business men.

Quite a while back we got into discussion over whether the wives' place was in the home or out holding down a job, as the twenty-one wives of us twenty-one husbands were doing at that time. We decided that a woman's place is in the home. We had suffered long enough from the neglect given to our home life. We didn't stop there—not by a long shot. We proceeded to do something about it. The wives were going to quit their jobs, whether they liked it or no, we decided.

The wives didn't like the idea, not by an extra long shot. A world war is a cinch after the long battle we put up. We finally did win out on one condition: that they, the wives, were to go back to work if the role of a full-time housewife didn't work out to their liking. Incidentally, we, the husbands, passed a resolution praising the stubbornness of women. It surpasses that of a jackass.

That happened two years ago. Today we can truthfully say that we are 100 per cent happier. We have really learned to enjoy life. The wives have more time to make life more enjoyable for us husbands, and at the same time the wives are really much happier in the role of housewives than they were as wage earners. It gives us men more confidence and self-respect to be the full support of our families.

Some physiologists claim that the role of homekeeper is a natural instinct in the fair sex, handed down to the modern woman from her ancestor the cave woman. We twenty-one husbands and twenty-one wives believe in that theory. We have proved it.

As a hobby we formed a club and called ourselves the Wives Belong at Home Associates. The W. B. H. A. Through this club we have helped and want to help any husband who wants his working wife to take her proper place in the home.—*Clark R. Rodgers, President and Secretary, W. B. H. A.*

Mormon Editor Defends Practice of Polygamy

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Your published article, Polygamy on the Santa Fe Trail, by Edward Doherty (April 10 Liberty), is not entirely without historic background; neither does it lack in appeal to the sensational- and sensual-minded. In the main it is crudely illogical and a libel on the intelligence and credulity of your reading public. The article reeks with false assumptions and vile innuendoes which are entirely without foundation.

Liberty has been duped; its readers are misled. I say this with authority. I am one of my father's twenty-six polygamously sired children, men and women of standing in the community; I am the father of nineteen children whose mothers, in all the qualities of grace, modesty, virtue, beauty, and intelligence, are the peer of womankind; and for fifty years I have been an exponent of the celestial marriage system of the Mormon Church, plural marriage being an essential part thereof.

Polygamy, under strict control, is Biblical in background and was revealed by God for this dispensation; it is sound sociologically. The system admits of no improper commerce between the sexes; it knows but one standard of virtue for both male and female; it outlaws "birth-control" except through *self-control*, and is a stranger to the "social diseases" now undermining society.

Mormon marriages contemplate eternal unions, the husband and wives, with their children, forming a grand patriarchal unit that continues after mortal death.

The system tends to subdue jealousy and selfishness; it awakens the soul to loftier ideals; it unites time with eternity in a union that at once elevates and sanctifies.

The fruits of Mormon polygamy, as manifested in the lives of its sons and daughters, are the indisputable proof of the power in the system to effect a social regeneration in the earth. Among true Mormons, polygamy, as a vital tenet of faith, can never be surrendered.

Time will vindicate the doctrine, if our politicians and sociologists will let the truth sink in—and in spite of them, if they will not.—*J. W. Musser, Editor, Truth (P. O. Box 1432).*

SPEAKS FOR 70,000 DENTISTS

CLINTON, IA.—To A Fellow with a Toothache (April 24 Vox Pop):

First. Dentistry is not a billion-dollar racket. According to government statistics, the American people spend as follows:

Liquor, 3½ billions; tobacco, 2½ billions; beauty parlors, 1½ billions; jewelry, 550 millions; *dog food, 468 millions;* candy, 350 millions; *dentistry, 275 millions.* Divide this last by 70,000 dentists and see what his gross practice amounts to.

Second. The dentists as far back as I can remember have been doing a great deal of research work in regard to diets, in order to control decay of teeth. At the present time an expedition of dentists is ready to embark for Alaska to study the diets of Eskimos, who do not have decay. Perhaps your complainant would like to eat blubber.

Third. Dentistry is such a racket that very few young men matriculate in dentistry any more; only thirty-one graduates at Iowa in '35; twenty in '36. Six men dentists started to practice in Iowa in 1936 to take the place of sixty who have retired or died. Dentistry is a six-year course and the cost of his education and equipping his office is anywhere between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars before he sees a patient with a decayed tooth.

Perhaps he has a boy whom he would like to spend fifteen thousand on, so he could get into the dental racket.—*T. H. Herrity, D. D. S.*

PLEA FOR LUCKY OMENS

HOPEDALE, OHIO—Please again publish Lucky Omens, like those that appeared in Liberty some time ago. You should not have discontinued them just because some ignoramus did not understand them. They are very enlightening. —*Rea Gilbert.*

SUPPORTS SWEEPSTAKES ANNUITY PLAN

UPPER DARBY, PA.—Please add my name as an enthusiastic supporter of the common sense scheme for a Sweepstakes Annuity Plan as outlined by J. J. K. in April 24 Vox Pop.

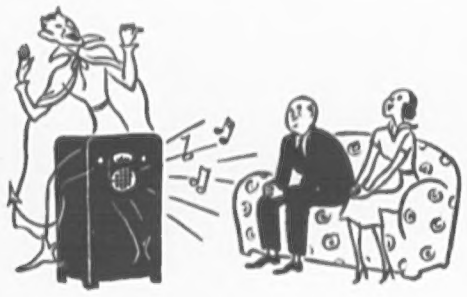
Liberty would be rendering a great service to the people in the country by promoting this idea and getting a poll or vote through your publication.

I will venture to say that if you sent men out into six key cities or towns to get signatures under this plan sponsored by Liberty you would get seventy-five per cent of the voters to sign without any trouble.—*J. E. H.*

NO SUCH THING KNOWN AS "QUIET HOUR"

HOUSTON, TEX. — I want to shake hands with Mrs. Miller of Georgia (March 20 Vox Pop) for her comment on the abomination of desolation that appears to hold a monopoly on the radio. If all who listen should allow themselves to become as crazy as ninety per cent of the "programs" that come over the radio indicate the performers to be, every home possessing a radio would become an insane asylum.

Nearly two thousand years ago it was written in the Scriptures concerning the old devil, that he is "the prince of the power of the air," but he had no direct means of exerting his full power over the minds of the millions of families who found sanctuary within the quietude of their homes until the coming of the radio age. Now there is no such thing known as "a quiet hour" in the home where the radio stands as the throne of the prince of confusion.—*W. L. Lackey.*



JUDY VAN DER VEER KNOWS HER COWS!

SANTEE, CALIF.—Some one told me there was a letter in Vox Pop concerning my story, Wedding Day (March 6 Liberty), and the writer of this letter said cows don't sweat. That person doesn't know much about cows. Cows don't usually sweat as badly as horses, but I have seen nervous highly bred cows sweat plenty, especially if the day was hot and the animal was frightened and running, or in great pain. I practically live with my cows and horses, so I ought to know.

Also, I might add that the Wedding Day story is purely imaginary, and I am getting sick and tired of people insinuating that there is something personal in the story. I am *not* a girl suffering from a love that is lost, and I don't know, in real life, any character like Antone. There may be many like him, but I haven't met them, and if replicas of him exist it is purely a coincidence.—*Judy Van der Veer.*

CAN STRIP-TEASE BE ARTISTIC?

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—So the Minsky Brothers are opposed to the importation of European strip dancers, eh? Export the breed, I say.

I would like to have the Minskys and their strip-tease dancers reply to the following question:

How do you figure that a girl who undresses in front of an audience and who dances in the nude can be "artistic"?

I should like to hear from Gypsy Rose Lee, Ada Leonard, June St. Clair, Ann Corrio, Sally Rand, and Faith Bacon on this question.—*Mack.*

"THE WORLD'S MOST FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE"

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Congratulations on the editorial The World's Most Frightful Scourge (April 17 Liberty).

I am not ignorant of the fact that this is not Mr. Macfadden's first attempt to speak on a subject which the human race has heretofore regarded as connected with what they consider the base organs of the human body. He has been giving us the facts in his publications for years, so it must be with much joy that he can now point to the recognition that is being received—joy because the average reader is learning facts which he has urged should be learned.

Give readers more articles on the facts connected with venereal diseases. There are now many people who are bringing children into the world but are not capable of giving them the proper information concerning social hygiene because they have never learned it. I must have been fortunate, because the university I attended gave a course in social hygiene to all its students. Had it not been for that I would never have received information that my parents could not provide.

My every wish for Mr. Macfadden's success in the breaking down of the wall of self-righteousness.—*Elbert Hugunin.*

"HARDTACK"

"Stop monkeying around, will yo I"

ICE SKATING—AND IN SHORTS!

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In reference to Mr. Stevenson's April 24 Vox Pop letter, the artist of the skating scene cover (March 6 Liberty) must have been a Californian. Regardless of the reputation of our Chamber of Commerce, it happens to be true that a person can go skating here with bare legs—in fact, with shorts if she so pleases.

Merely one of the many claims that sound unbelievable and that Hollywood can boast of as an actuality—an ice rink where one may glide on silvery skates to his or her heart's content from September till June.

Why doesn't Mr. S. come to a real state?—*R. S. Sutoff.*

REAL READING FOR REAL READERS

WORCESTER, MASS.—Some Vox Poppers doubt the verity of Captain Blackledge's adventures. What difference does it make whether those tales are true or not? Are they not swell stories of the three greatest adventures that can thrill a real man the most—namely, wine, women, and war? I do not know what these doubting Thomases want, but what they need is a blood transfusion; and make that blood as red as Liberty is regular.

For myself, I neither doubt nor believe the genuineness of the Captain's experiences, but accept them gladly for what they are: real reading for real readers. May the Captain's wars increase. — *Ona Mason Chapman.*

"SWANEE TAYLOR IS ONE OF THE BEST—"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To the criticism of Swanee Taylor's article by C. H. Collins, Jr. (April 17 Vox Pop) may I say that Mr. Taylor is one of the best known instructors in the East and has in all probability been flying since Collins shed his three-cornered underwear?

Mr. Collins states that no pilot can fly unless he has some outside visual reference to check his position by. May I refer him to the Boeing School of Aviation in his own state, where pilots are trained and soloed under the hood for a minimum of twenty hours? May I also refer him to the record of Major James Doolittle of the United States Air Corps, a pilot of no mean accomplishments?—*W. J. Murphy, Jr.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

BALTIMORE, MD.—A friend and benefactor left a will bequeathing the interest on $10,000 to Joseph D. Blumenfeld for life—provided Blumenfeld takes the benefactor's brother and sisters motoring whenever they wish to go.

Blumenfeld is a prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary.

BUDAPEST, HUNGARY — Karl Peyer, on being challenged to a duel, replied to his challenger:

"I am a Christian and therefore oppose the duel. But if I must fight, I demand that artillery be used, because that is the only weapon I know anything about."

HULL, QUE.—For some time the city of Hull has been registering all orphans and widows who would be eligible for pensions should the Quebec government pass pension legislation. One day a fifty-year-old woman applied for registration as a widow.

"Have you any means of support?" she was asked.

"Just my husband," she replied.

"Then you are not a widow!" exclaimed the clerk.

"No, not yet," answered the woman; "but in case my husband dies I would like to be registered."

She was not registered.

GONZALES, TEX. — It's triplets at the Fred Garcia home. The girls were named Maria, Maria, and Maria. "My wife likes the name of Maria," said the father.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign on a Maine butcher shop:

"*Sausages from Pigs that Died Happy.*"

Sign on an exterminating establishment:

"*Why let a nest of termites destroy your valuable piano when you can have it permanently destroyed with poisonous gases?*"

POLITICS MADE SIMPLE

FREE SPEECH

Well, if they are goin to stop free speech, I wisht they would try it on my wife. But I will promise the Govt one thing—they are goin to have a hell of a time doin it.—EZRA DILL.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER — ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. ROZEN

WILL THE DOWERLESS BRIDE GET HETTY GREEN'S RICHES?

There is $80,000,000 at stake. Five states seek their share. So does the U. S. government. And last, but not least, there are the widow of Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green, son of the famous Hetty, and Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks, his sister.

How much will be left of $80,000,000 when the litigation is over? And how long will litigation last when there is $80,000,000 involved?

How was this great fortune amassed? What happened when Hetty died—before she died, even? Why, now, should there be a contest between the widow of Hetty's son and Hetty's daughter? And why, above all, should five states intervene? You can read the answers to these questions in a highly intriguing article in Liberty next Wednesday!

Mr. and Mrs. James J. Braddock

BRADDOCK'S PAST—A STRANGE STORY OF THE CHAMPION

Joe Louis, or possibly Max Schmeling, is going to be up against the strangest thing an aspiring heavyweight ever encountered in the ring! The thing that probably will bother them more than anything else will be—a railroad tie! Not only one tie, but dozens of them! You don't see any connection between railroad ties and Messrs. Louis and Schmeling—or Mr. Braddock? Well, that's the reason we call this *A Strange Story* of the Champion, and just one of the reasons why you'll enjoy reading the article next week.

Those Irresistible Imitation Blues by Franklin P. Adams

Just how susceptible are you? To what you read and see and hear? Does a book that tells you, for instance, never to sleep on your back make you religiously sprawl on your stomach at night, or do you mulishly fall asleep with nose and open mouth pointed heavenward? Whether you do or whether you don't, you'll enjoy reading just what F. P. A., nationally known columnist, thinks about susceptibility in Liberty next week. Other articles and stories by Richard Hoffmann, Fred Allhoff, Steve Fisher, Rose Franken, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE MAY 26

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

MODELING FOR MONEY—By Carol Lynn

Modeling is one occupation which enables presentable, intelligent young women to achieve substantial success without the need of years spent in acquiring expensive higher education. Many girls are ambitious to enter this lucrative and alluring field but have no idea how to acquire the necessary technique or how to secure a position once they have it. Now for the first time all this information has been brought together into one concise, copiously illustrated volume by a successful fashion model. Modeling for Money is a practical handbook crowded with exactly the information you require. Also for the woman who wishes to improve the glamour and carriage of her clothes it is a treasure trove of valuable information. Send for it today—120 pages substantially bound, $1.25 postpaid.

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For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc. this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas—By William Allan Brooks

This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest, dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and woman who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent college graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are not creations of the imagination but true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

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WITHOUT CAPITAL INVESTMENT
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY MAKING IDEAS
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Modeling for Money
How to Become a Successful Mannequin
BY CAROL LYNN
MAKING ART PAY

SECRETS OF DANCE BAND SUCCESS

Written by Paul Whiteman—Jimmy Dorsey—Rudy Vallee—Freddie Rich—Glen Gray—Frank Skinner—Enric Madriguera—Jimmy Dale—Merle Johnson—Guy Lombardo—Uriel Davis and Duke Ellington. If you play a musical instrument here is your chance to learn the success secrets of twelve of the greatest popular orchestra leaders. Edited by Doron K. Antrim, Editor of Metronome, it is, we think, the finest and most practical book for band and orchestra men ever published. Order your copy today. Study what these great popular artists divulge regarding how to make music pay then form your own orchestra and build constructively for success. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK—By William A. Brooks

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

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Constance Bennett

says: "My throat appreciates Luckies"

"When Americans gather in Paris, Cannes or Elstree, the first question is often: 'Who's got a Lucky?' Here and abroad I prefer Luckies because my work demands that my throat be in good condition, and a light smoke helps keep it up to par. I was 'converted' to Luckies five years ago by their flavor, but found that my throat appreciates a light smoke."

Constance Bennett

STARRING IN HAL ROACH—MGM FEATURE COMEDY "TOPPER"

Notice how many professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, statesmen, etc., smoke Luckies. See how many leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera prefer them. Their voices are their fortunes. Doesn't it follow that, if Luckies are gentle on their sensitive throats, they will be gentle on your throat, too? You will appreciate the throat protection of a light smoke free of certain irritants expelled by the exclusive "Toasting" Process.

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